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THE SERVANT PROBLEM IN A BLACK BELT VILLAGE

Auburn is a small college town in the Black Belt of Alabama, twenty-five miles from Tuskegee. The total population in 1890 was 1440; in 1900 it was 1447, of whom nearly 1000 are negroes. There are, roughly speaking, four classes of white families in the town: (1) the families of college professors, teachers, and preachers; (2) the families of merchants, real estate owners, well-to-do farmers, and of those who have moved in from the country to educate their children; (3) a large number of families who are more or less dependent for a livelihood upon taking boarders during the college session when there are about four hundred students in town; (4) several families of poorer people who rent land or have small farms near town, or clerk in stores, or do carpenter work. These last employ no negro servants, and are their own masters; while the first three classes are absolutely dependent upon the African for all servant's work.

The black population may be classified into (1) those who are industrious and fairly prosperous, who own their own homes or are able to rent good houses, who have regular occupations and who, as a rule, do not go out to service; (2) those who live by doing day work, cooking, nursing, washing, hauling, cutting wood, mowing lawns, working gardens, and other odd jobs; (3) those who do nothing at all until forced to work by hunger or cold; and (4) those who live on the outskirts of the town and work the greater part of the time on the farms near by, but who, in the summer and winter, may condescend to work as servants in town.

There are no white servants and few white day laborers. The town is dependent upon the negroes for all out-door manual labor and for all house work not done by the white housekeepers. There are, perhaps, a dozen trifling young white fellows from fourteen to twenty years of age who as a daily duty occupy the chairs and benches at the street corners. Like the lilies of the field they toil not, neither do they spin; their mothers do both for them. But as a rule the young white people leave the town as soon as they are grown, and find occupation elsewhere. Here, as in other Black Belt towns, the white population increases but slowly; the young people find no inducements to stay.

A few of the negro men work all of the time, probably half of them work half the time, and the others only once in a long while when they are compelled to do so by hunger and want. The industrious ones are porters in the stores, drivers of drays, wood cutters, visiting gardeners, and common laborers. At least half of the negro men and boys have no regular occupations, and earnestly desire none. In the summer the majority of them do not work at all; in the fall and winter and early spring they are more industrious. At all times the demand for labor is greater than the supply. The negro men spend much of their time in loafing around their homes where they are supported by the work of their wives, mothers or sweethearts, or hanging around the negro stores up town waiting for some darkey with a quarter who may buy a watermelon or a bag of crackers and a tin of meat and "set up the crowd." They wear the old clothes given them by the college students and the citizens; wait on the former for tips; carry notes for dimes and bring trunks from the station for quarters; and for small sums carry water to and look after the uniforms for the various college athletic teams. Burglaries are quite common. The woodcutters and the majority of the gardeners are old men who are not physically able to do heavy work. An old man will, if permitted, spend a month on a cord of wood, coming in once or twice a week in time to get a meal after an hour's work. They get fifty cents a cord for cutting light pine into stove wood, and have several cords for different families on hand at one time. Nothing is said about meals, but they usually get them. The old chaps are great at

courting the cooks. I watched an old fellow last summer who spread out his work on a cord of wood over a month and during the time had eight meals. He also made a conquest of the old colored woman who was doing the cooking.

The gardeners who attend to the flowers, vegetables, fruit trees, and lawns, are extremely trying to the mistress of a household. When a negro goes regularly (one or two days in a week) to a place to work, it becomes known as "his place," and if discharged, no amount of persuasion will induce another "to take his place." Trim Drake was a gardener who had borrowed a dollar in advance on his wages, and being so much ahead and sure of all the work elsewhere that the state of his health would permit, did not return to "his place" for fear that the dollar would be deducted from his wages. Other negroes would not work in "Trim's place," for "to take his place" would have been a cardinal sin. Many, however, will promise to come and never appear. In this case there were six promises. Some agree in good faith to come, and being afterwards informed of the crime they are about to commit, they stay away; others promise to come simply to avoid giving a reason for not coming, or perhaps, out of politeness, and to give a fleeting pleasure to the would-be employer who hopes to get some work done. They are very willing to give that kind of pleasure. It is a kind of genuine politeness, a desire to be agreeable, for the average negro man is still polite, much more so than the negro woman. A negro's agreements to work are like a Spaniard's gift of a thing admired—not to be taken seriously.

But at last two negroes were found who did not know that Trim had a mortgage on this place and who agreed to cut the long grass and weeds that were growing up during his absence. Each worked half a day and did not return, having been informed that they were working in "Trim's place." Meanwhile, Trim (when an attempt was made to get him to release "his place") sent, as his excuse for not appearing, that he had the rheumatism—an old chestnut. I saw him several times during the summer working elsewhere. For three months the lawn was neglected, the grass and weeds choked out the vegetables and flow-

ers and smothered the young fruit trees. Finally an old man was found who did not recognize the usual code of labor ethics. He did all he could, but his son who wanted employment also now refused to do the heavy work, which his father could not do, because it was his father's "place." One lady who possessed a lawn and garden on which no darkey had a claim, found herself unable to get a negro in the usual way to do some needed work. She went up town, along the Black Side of the street and asked a crowd of negroes in front of a negro store if any of them wanted the work, which would bring fifty cents and two meals a day. She counted twenty-two idle negro men sitting in front of the store on boxes, barrels, on the ground, and on the porch. None of them had any regular occupation, or any visible means of support; but not one of them would do the work. And this was not in the bountiful summer time either; it was in the hungry spring.

Some of the gardeners have little failings. One will carry off the seed given him to plant and will say that you have given him bad advice as to planting and that they did not come up. Another will take away more vegetables than his employer thinks he ought, and, in reply to his or her expostulations, will declare that "de moles et em." Other handy little things will disappear. One man cut a lot of long grass, which was given him to make a mattress. Before he raked it up there was a large coil of wire lying on the ground near by, but when the grass had been raked into a pile the wire was no longer to be seen, for it was carried away in the middle of the grass. These are not isolated cases, but each is only *e pluribus unum*.

The negro women who take in washing and ironing do a thriving business during nine months of the year when the college students are in town, and during the summer they manage to get along fairly well. Their charges are twenty-five cents a week or \$1.00 a month for individuals, and \$1.00 to \$1.50 a week for families. Some are experts and do high grade work; others are the worst kind of makeshifts. One has to guard against the lazy washerwoman who, to save trouble and labor, uses "powders" (some strong preparation to make washing easy) sold in the negro stores to "eat out the dirt," which also

"eats" holes in the clothes. Some washerwomen have a troublesome habit of wearing for several days certain garments sent out in the wash. Between Monday, when they come for the clothes, and Saturday, when they return them, several days' wear can be had. Again, they will forget to return a garment and wear it to church the next Sunday. Sometimes they report garments as lost, which after a few weeks' dilapidation and some slight alteration, they do not mind wearing in the owner's presence. The best washerwomen earn from \$15.00 to \$40.00 a month in the busy season. Many a one of them supports herself and a husband or lover and several children who live in idleness. These last may do as much as to go for and to return the clothes, but the husband of a good washerwoman seldom works.

The younger women and half grown girls often go out by the day as nurses. They get a small wage of \$2.00 to \$5.00 a month, three meals a day, and perquisites in the way of old clothes, shoes and hats. A nurse has nothing to do but look after the baby once in a while for about twelve hours a day. There are objections to the Auburn nurse-girl. She is sure, instead of going around by the sidewalks, to take the short cuts and pull the baby, bumping in its carriage, over the stiles to the great danger of its peace of mind and wholeness of body. On hilly sidewalks she likes to experiment with the carriage, turning it loose and running to catch it. Sometimes she fails to overtake it and the baby goes into the ditch. Fond of the sun herself, though she likes to carry an umbrella—to save her complexion perhaps—she is sure to forget that the white baby does not thrive in the Southern summer sun, and leaves the umbrella of the carriage down, perhaps even going off and leaving the baby in the carriage in the broiling sun. The nurses take the little fellows to their own homes, which, to say the least, is not a good practice and may be dangerous to health. They have been known to give Jimson weed seed to obstreperous babies in order to quiet them; Jimson weed is poisonous. They will go to sleep on the back verandah and let the infants roll down the steps. They like to combine pleasure with duty, and I have seen at one time, three empty little carriages near a public building into which the nurses had taken the children, in order

to flirt with a couple of young bucks in the janitor's dark and stuffy basement room. In the street near the negro stores may often be seen a baby in a carriage alone or in charge of a little bit of a negro, while the nurse is in the back of the store talking with the young negro men. The nurses will sit with the children in the grass on the college campus or on the lawns quite unconcerned by the presence of "red bugs" until the babies' little bodies are covered with the insects, and the next day the mothers wonder why the children scream so and physic them for colic. Red bugs do not trouble the nurses.

In a way, the nurse girls are faithful to their little white charges, and probably like them much better than they do their own small brothers and sisters. I have often heard negro nurses express preference for white children. They are affectionate, even too much so. A negro does not really know how to kiss, but the Auburn nurse tries sometimes to kiss the baby, as she sees the whites do, and this, in Auburn, I am sure, is unhygienic. It is as about as much trouble to look after a nurse as to look after a baby.

But the crowning glory of the servant world of Auburn is the combination negro cook and housegirl. She probably lives a mile from where she works and does not want to live nearer, nearly all the negroes preferring to live close together on the edge of the town. The cooks are usually late enough in coming in the morning to make the housekeeper feel uncomfortable about breakfast. All cooks do not, by any means, have the same amount of work to do. Some cook three meals a day for the average family of five or six. Boarding house cooks have more to do and have an assistant. Others cook for a small family and also do or pretend to do the work of a housemaid; some cook two meals a day—breakfast and dinner—and leave the family to shift for themselves for supper. One family will keep the cook busy nearly all day; another will have very little for her to do. Yet there will not be much if any difference in the rate of wages paid. The cooks themselves do not seem to think that any grievance lies here. No cook will stay all day where she works; she must go home after dinner as well as after supper. Those who have several hours spare time each day do not,

as a rule, work at anything else during this time ; they claim to be too tired and to need rest, though I have never seen nor heard of a negro servant who was overworked. The negro servant in an up town New York boarding house who gets four times the pay does at least twice as much work as the average good Auburn house servant does and does it better, because she must ; she has no choice but to do so. Efficient work is demanded by the housekeeper, and the negro must do as good work as the white servant or lose her place. And to lose a place is a much more serious affair in the North than in the South.

The rate of pay of the Alabama cook is the result of history and experience. During slavery the wage of a slave, man or woman, was as much as or more than the wage of an unskilled white. As a laborer the slave could be made more efficient than the unskilled white, and only the best of them were hired. In 1865 and 1866, that precious institution, the Freedmen's Bureau, ordered that the rate of wages for the free negroes should be the same as the old slave wages, that is, from \$8.00 to \$12.00 a month for women, and from \$12.00 to \$20.00 for men. The white people, the former owners of the negroes, had already begun to experiment with something like the old rate of wages, only rather lower because the grade of work was lower. In spite of the fact that the Bureau made it a criminal offence not to pay the full rate, it was done only a short time. The negroes could no longer be made to work when they were disinclined, and they were now much less efficient workers. Petty pilfering was universal in a country where locks had never been used and inventories seldom taken. To hire a negro house-servant meant to lose something by her light-fingeredness, and, in consequence, the rate of pay began to decline. A certain amount had to be deducted, so to speak, from the cash wages in order to offset what the servant appropriated. The rate of wages for men in the fields remained about the same ; but the pay of the women house servants fell rapidly, for the latter had better opportunities than the men to "take things." Always along with the cash paid went certain privileges, such as free house, fuel, water, garden plot, pasture for a pig or calf, etc. This was

and still is true principally of the country districts, but there are many privileges given to the negro in small villages like Auburn. And there are also many perquisites belonging to the house-servant, such as old clothes, left over food, fruit — all this besides what the woman may "take" semi-secretly. Under such circumstances, the decline in the rate of wages was rapid, and for many years negro cooks in the country and in the villages have been paid from \$4.00 to \$5.00 a month in cash, with the tacit understanding by both mistress and servant that the latter is going to supplement her wages by carrying away various articles of food and perhaps other small things that attract her fancy. This is not in the bond, nothing is said of it, but seldom does the mistress remonstrate with or in any way punish the servant for "totin' off" what the latter considers her informal wages. However, the practice is underhand, as the cook carries away her spoils more or less secretly, and the housekeeper never knows what the woman has in the bucket or basket which always hangs on her arm when she goes home. The mistress can only endeavor so to manage that unreasonable quantities may not be "toted off." Thus the matter stands,—a kind of underhand commutation of wages. The money paid is about half the value of the servant's work, which, with the dishonest (from a Caucasian point of view) addition to her wages, is sufficient to make the whole equivalent to \$8.00 to \$12.00 a month. On a strictly business basis, this would be the pay of a first-class cook. This nominal rate is a hardship to the few servants who are too honest and too self-respecting to supplement their pay in the usual way.

I know of one cook who was paid \$4.00 a month. She had three young children whom she fed on what she carried from the "big house." Her house rent was given her, also her firewood and water. For twelve months she did not draw a cent of money but banked it with her employer. Besides, at odd hours she did some extra work for extra pay. She sent one of her boys to school in the winter, and at the end of the year she drew her money, amounting to \$50.00, and "decided to rest." For an entire year she rested, visiting among her friends, with whom she was popular as long as her money lasted. When it

was all gone, she again went to work. Another woman who was paid \$4.00 a month for light house work a few hours each day, and who was not able to carry off much, saved, after paying \$1.00 a month house rent and supporting three small children whom she fed on cornbread as it was cheap, over \$50.00 in three years. These were exceptional cases; most negro cooks, or their male dependents, spend the wages as soon as received, or before¹.

It is to carry home the spoils that the genius of the kitchen must visit her family twice a day. As long as only a moderate quantity is carried away the housekeeper makes no complaint. It is considered a matter of course; and though the custom is deplored, there is no likelihood that it will soon be broken up. A woman who tries to stop it in her home gets the reputation among the servants of being a mean, stingy person, and the result is that she finds it hard to get a cook.

The contents of the basket "toted off" are varied, but are nearly always food supplies for the hungry family at home. The

¹This paper was written in 1903. There is at present a tendency toward higher wages for the better servants. The migration to the cities and to the cotton fields has lessened the supply of would-be cooks, and some housekeepers are beginning to declare their independence of the African. The better servants can get better wages; the poorer ones find it harder to get employment. The pay in the cities, compared with the pay in the North, is very high considering the quality and quantity of the work performed. But over the greater part of rural Alabama, with which I am somewhat familiar, the wages mentioned are about the average. The same is true also of parts of Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina where I have been. An agricultural colony from the North will pay more and make the negro work for it or get out; he or she usually gets out. The merely nominal wage paid is, allowing for "taking, toting and privileges," all that the work performed would be worth in any market, but, of course, there is nothing of business principles about the present arrangement; it seems to be about the best compromise possible now; the students from such schools as Tuskegee may help to put things on a less absurd basis. At present the Southern white women are worried almost beyond endurance by the intolerable conditions, and many who have seen the work of white servants would infinitely prefer them were it possible to get them. It does not help matters that Northerners and Westerners so often congratulate Southerners on having a plentiful supply of willing servants. Of course there are some Southern people so ignorant that they think the negroes are the best servants in the world; others prefer not to have white servants about them, believing that a white person should be above personal service.

mistress of the household is supposed to stay out of the kitchen while the mysteries of cooking are going on, nor must she inquire too closely into culinary affairs, for the presiding genius of the cook stove resents visits of inspection as a kind of espionage to which a self-respecting servant cannot submit. A few house-keepers keep up the old practice of carrying the keys and giving out the materials for each meal. This affords much less opportunity for pickings and stealings, and is frowned upon by the servant world, for then the colored family in the suburbs gets only what is left over from meals. But in such cases the white family is likely to find the waffles and battercakes run short at breakfast, and a part of the roast will disappear, the chicken will have only one wing, and the beaten biscuits will be fewer. If the next day one catches a whiff of a cake baking that does not appear on the table, it is best not to ask questions. A new cook is not easily secured.

A common way of securing a supply is for the cook to go to the next door neighbor and, in the name of her mistress, borrow coffee, flour, sugar, meat, etc., which she carries to her own home. She will also take from her employer and say that the neighbors borrowed the missing things. An elaborate system of stealing by borrowing may go on for months before being discovered. A cook addicted to the borrowing habit can give her employer the reputation of being a "dead head," and I have known families who lived near together tell sad experiences of the borrowing exploits of one another, and all the time it was only the cooks.

The better the borrowing and taking succeeds the easier the lot of the idle ones at home,—the children, the husband, the friends, and the dog. Seldom are the younger women found supporting their parents. The old negroes who are not able to work are, for the most part, pensioners on the bounty of the whites. One old woman who was grown when "freedom cried out," succeeded in getting a place to cook where a better servant had been coaxed away, though the old woman was not a very good cook. A few days earlier her daughter had hired to the minister's wife, but, when the mother began to work where the pickings were good, the daughter "decided to rest" the re-

mainder of the summer, the old woman's sister also made her a long visit, and the minister's wife cooked for herself.

The old negroes are the best and most willing servants, but they are few in numbers. They do not approve of the course of "dese hyeh young niggers." A few of the younger generation stay in one place long enough to get some training and become good servants. The intelligent black girl who thus learns to do her work well will take pride in it and is in much demand, but the ordinary shiftless sister in black will not stay long enough in one place for the training "to take." Yet there are several negro women in town who are intelligent, industrious, capable and honest, and these get from \$9.00 to \$15.00 a month with board. They have offers of much more work than they can possibly do, but even these seldom work in one place longer than a few months.

One can never tell what day the cook may decide to leave. A good servant may stay for years and at a day's notice "decide to rest," as she calls it. This past summer nearly every woman in town who has a cook was shivering with fear lest she would "quit." The older housekeepers who have known the negro from slavery days are the best managers of the black help. The younger ones do not understand them so well, are less patient with their shortcomings, expect more, and get less. The Northern woman is apt to arrive with new notions of handling the negro servants. She sometimes thinks that the natives do not know how to manage, that the wages are too low, and that the servants are not treated as free American citizens should be. If she attempts to make a reform she is likely soon to be doing her own work, for the Northern newcomer usually demands efficiency and Caucasian honesty of the negro, makes little allowance for racial shortcomings, and tries to apply white standards to black conduct. The result is an abiding disgust on the part of the reformer, and her unpopularity among the negroes, until finally she ends by becoming a philosophical and perhaps an extreme Southerner on the negro problem. But some people from the North cannot, from the first, endure the shiftless negroes, and dispense with their services as much as possible.

The average servant, though she takes her loot in an under-

hand way, does not consider the practice dishonest unless she is caught. There is an old feeling, dating back to the days of the Freedmen's Bureau and the carpetbag missionaries and orators, that taking from a white person is not stealing. The negro race was then taught a lesson that was easily learned and has never been forgotten, that the property in the South was produced by negro labor and that therefore by right much of it should belong to the blacks. Politicians, teachers, and preachers told them this story and advocated and predicted confiscation. For many years the negroes expected the division, and to-day there are some who still are waiting for it. To some extent it still is a doctrine based on the authority of the preacher that to take enough to keep from want is not stealing and is not wrong. This is comforting doctrine and in practice lends itself to liberal interpretation. In theological language this practice is known as "spilin de Gypshuns," and too many believe it.

Amusing things happen on account of despoiling the Egyptians. One instance: There was a wedding in colored society. The mother and some of the friends of the bride worked for three prominent families, members of which were invited to and were present at the wedding. There was quite a display of wedding presents, several of which the employers recognized as having disappeared from their own homes within the past year.

Generally the house servants are not so bad about taking things beyond the ordinary as are their friends and back door callers. Where there is much visiting the callers have to be closely watched, and it is worth much to a boarding house keeper not to have a back gate. Early one morning, I counted seven negro men and boys in the backyard of a boarding house waiting for "hand-outs." It is the custom for a friend to drop in to escort the cook home at night, and the escort must be entertained with meat and drink.

There is no calling in a policeman when things are stolen. The laws are probably too severe, and no one wants to send a negro to jail for trifling thefts. If the laws could be strictly enforced a majority of the blacks would come to grief. In a case of aggravated theft, the first step is to recover the stolen articles if possible, then the offending party may be informally fined or

have his or her pay docked, or, if a boy, may be soundly thrashed, though seldom discharged,—a species of compounding of felony. It is one of the curiosities of human nature, the implicit faith the members of a family sometimes have in their own servants who have been long with them and to whom they have become attached. They will not believe that their servants will take valuable things from them, but, at the same time, they are skeptical in regard to the honesty of the servants of the neighbors. And so it is with each family.

When a house servant is discharged for any reason other women, like the men under similar circumstances, will refuse to work in "her place." Until the aggrieved cook expresses her willingness for some one to fill "her place," it is likely to remain vacant unless the poorest of servants are taken,—those who hold to no code of labor ethics.

During the summer when green corn, melons, berries, fruit, revivals and baptizings are plentiful, there is a general disposition among the darkies to refrain from working. To cook in a hot kitchen is "too hot for us," they say, as well as for the white women. It is taken as a personal insult by some to be asked to work during the summer, and they consider it an imposition to be requested to work at something the white woman does not want to do. When revivals and baptizings are the order of the day the cook must be handled tenderly. She must be allowed to give the family cold suppers, or leave them to shift for themselves. She is greatly interested in those who are "comin' thu" at the meeting, and often stays out until two o'clock in the morning at a religious debauch. The next day she comes late and is unfit for work, and much of her time is spent hanging over the back fence talking to other negroes about the progress of the meeting. Cheap excursions and circuses also appeal to the African who has or can borrow the price of a ticket; then work must wait.

There are numerous white women's clubs in the town, but no housekeepers' club where the condition of domestic affairs and means of bettering it might be discussed. Such things have been tried; the women met and talked over matters and agreed to start a reform towards strictly business methods. But the

good resolves came to nothing. The boarding house keeper, often a widow, who has no income except from taking boarders, and who must pay rent and market bills, clothe and educate her children, and exist during the summer when there are no boarders, is a slave to the negro servant. She is afraid to exact good service. If she needs a servant and no other appears she will have to hire the one who has just been discharged by some more independent housekeeper.

It is a sad fact that a good cook or a nurse who has been carefully trained by a good housekeeper may receive *sub rosa* inducements from some one who envies her neighbor's good fortune, and thus the servant is allured away before the unfortunate employer knows anything about it. It is not considered proper to make an underhand offer of a new place to a negro servant, because the latter never uses that offer as a means of securing higher wages and better privileges, but if she likes the offer she accepts at once, often giving her former employer no notice whatever. Needless to say, she who secures her neighbors' good servants in this way is not popular in the housekeeping community.

There are some women who keep servants when they are not financially able and when they have no real need for them. They hire a poor class of blacks and pay them even lower wages, from \$2.00 to \$3.00 a month. The quality of the service secured may be imagined. There are a very few women who have the reputation of not being exactly honest with the negro in the matter of wages. When pay day comes, forgotten delinquencies are remembered and deductions made, or the servant may be charged with things which she thought had been given her. Sometimes the reputation is undeserved, as when the servant wants her pay in small amounts,—from ten cents to a dollar at a time—whenever he or she needs a little money, and at the end of the month is surprised that little or nothing is due. Others ask for "orders" on the store, and when reckoning day comes cannot understand why those paper notes are counted against them. In some instances wages have been extinguished by putting off on the servant, who is perfectly willing at the time, useless articles of clothing, shoes and finery. The old

clothes habit is still strong, though not so strong as it once was. A few years ago it was an interesting sight to see in the negro church parades on Gay street the familiar costumes of Auburn's white dames and damsels now displayed by the colored sisters.

The servants have something like an organization, or at least, a better understanding than have their white employers. As already stated, usually the negroes will not work where one of their number has been discharged. A cook may quit of her own accord and pass the word among her friends and the place will be filled, but, according to etiquette, the servant must quit of her own free will and march out with colors flying and all the honors of war. One colored woman, discharged for general worthlessness by a reckless housekeeper, reported that she was only taking a rest; and for six weeks the mistress of the house paid the penalty of her indiscretion by doing her own work.

An incipient strike is going on nearly all the time except in the winter when food is scarce among the negroes,—not for higher wages, strange to say, until recently,—but for greater privileges and less work. Each servant holds up the conduct of the woman next door as an example to her mistress. "Mrs. Jones does not have her cook to cook supper," or, "she hires extra help, and you must do the same for me." During the past few years, however, the servants, feeling, probably, that the state of affairs is somewhat impossible, have been talking of an organized strike, or a general "quitten," as they call it. Why? no one seems to know exactly. As yet they have not succeeded in accomplishing anything except to make themselves more discontented. At present, the general state of the servant mind has resulted in a club or society, the members of which pay regular dues. As soon as the finances are in a good condition they propose to go on a regular strike, in order to show their employers how dependent they are upon them, and to secure higher wages. They do not propose any reform in the "toting" habit. The programme will be for all to hire out at the beginning of the college session, when there are several hundred students in town, work for one day (no rate of pay being stated), and then make a demand for a general rate of wages of \$12.00 a month instead of \$4.00 and \$5.00 as now paid. If the demand is re-

fused a strike is to be declared. Whether all are to strike or only those who do not succeed in their demands, the negroes themselves do not clearly understand. Some say one thing, some say another. If a cook should weaken and work for less than the pay demanded, she is to be taken out by her sister servants and beaten with many stripes "until she is nearly dead." The movement can succeed only partially, if at all. The organization and plans are defective; the average negro has little talent in such things, and cannot understand them. The old negroes and the best of the younger ones will not join heartily in the movement. The rate of pay demanded is too high unless the housekeeper can protect herself against pilfering or privileges, and this would require almost a reorganization of the Southern social system. The country darkies will come in and take the places of some of the strikers. In short, though the situation at present is almost as far removed as possible from a business basis, the plan proposed by the strikers will not better it. But finally, the servants will secure higher wages because of the demand for them in the cities and in the cotton fields where they are better paid. Then the employer will be forced to demand better work, will cut off privileges and donations, and will stop "toting" and pilfering. This will be better for all concerned. In one small village that I know of, the servants began to ask for higher wages. The housekeepers were more independent and, as they did not consider the quality of the work worth the wages demanded, no effort was made to keep the servants. The latter gradually went into the fields where their pay was better. Now the servants are better paid and better work is done, but there are fewer servants.

Tuskegee is only twenty-five miles away, but few Auburn negroes go there to school, and not many of them know anything about it. Those who have heard of the school are prejudiced against it, because, they say, the students have to work too hard, (a serious objection to a school), and because some years ago a couple of young Auburn negroes died after returning from Tuskegee. They caught their death there, it was said, but that was not correct.

Some of the unskilled but industrious black women are de-

ciding that they can make more money by working on the farms, and by chopping and hoeing cotton and corn in the spring and picking cotton in the fall. The old "freedom" prejudice of the women against working in the fields is dying out, and a number of women work on the farm in the spring and fall and go out as house servants in the summer and especially in the winter. It is an amusing sight to see how a corn field negro fattens after securing a job in the kitchen. The poorer class of women have a hard time when shifting for themselves and lose their summer plumpness by Christmas, but when one of these again has regular meals, again the fattening process takes place.

The emigration of blacks from Auburn is about equal to the increase by birth. They go to the cities, for more amusement is found there. The men usually go to Birmingham as miners, and the women go as servants to Birmingham and Memphis. In the cities they get higher wages and do much more work, but the Auburn servant will not do in Auburn even for city wages the amount of work required in the city. Yet Auburn servants are in demand in Birmingham and other neighboring cities, and Auburn people who think that the servant problem is a perplexing one hear from their Birmingham sisters that Auburn cooks are "angels from Heaven" when compared with the native Birmingham blacks.

A negro servant in a New York house once told me that she liked Southern people better than "Yankees," because they were kinder and more patient and indulgent, but that she preferred to work for "Yankees," for, she said, "Southern people just assumes that you is dishonest." Her objection is largely correct and is a serious one, but, the Southern assumption is also about correct, and there seems to be no immediate remedy in either case.

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"CHILDREN OF NATURE" IN FICTION

It was about the middle of the 18th century that Rousseau told the pretty and baseless fable of the "State of Nature"—a condition of things alleged once to have prevailed everywhere upon earth. At that distant age, if Rousseau might be believed, people were as uncivilized as cattle and as lovable as seraphs. Immediately his admirers began a search for still surviving exponents of this delightful mode of life. Marie Antoinette invited village children to lunch; ladies of the steepest social eminence dreamt of flirtations with cannibals and negroes, and, for want of the genuine thing, contented themselves with smirking at Benjamin Franklin who was supposed to represent a very primitive set of men. Young girls tied pink ribbons about the necks of snowwhite lambs and led them along the sidewalk, thrilled to their inmost soul with the consciousness of their own supreme innocence. Their less mobile mothers strove for kindred results by having their hair-dresser fasten upon their heads, with trembling wires, flocks of dolls fashioned as shepherds, shepherdesses, and sheep. To attain the proper idyllic effect, no trifling preparations were needed—it often took hours to arrange just one single head. This was bothersome, and precluded a constant indulgence in these revelries of rusticity. But for state occasions such bucolic bedizenment remained long indispensable. In small towns with but one hair-dresser ladies were often compelled to have their heads put in shape twenty-four hours, or more, before one of those great social functions for which all persons of quality must needs turn out. As it was out of question to lie down with a moderate-sized dairy farm in one's locks, the crinal artist in attendance finished his duties by placing a sort of cage over his customer's head which enabled her to lean back in an armchair and thus, perhaps, get some semblance of rest.

It should not be surmised that this valiant campaign for pastoral innocence was all in vain. True, it may not have eradicated all vicious hankerings from the human make-up, but of the seeds which it lodged in it, some have to this day not ceased

giving fruit. To the era of Rousseau may be traced the fashion for women to deck out their hats with those clusters of fruit, flowers and cereals, which ever since make their appearance periodically as often as the more sanguinary predilection for killed parrots and pigeons is allowed for awhile to subside. And contemporaneously with the milliners did the story-tellers begin to repair to the bosom of nature for inspiration. A demand arose for savages, peasants, and other "Children of Nature," in fiction. The Swiss painter and author, Gessner, partly supplied the want with his "Idyls" in which Dresden shepherds make love to shepherdesses of the same dainty material. There had been stories before Gessner in which the characters masqueraded as village folk, but they had scored no great success and are said to have been far more insipid than his — a statement rather hard to credit. At any rate, Gessner was the first to push the country tale to the front. He may be called the Ian Maclaren of his age. The colossal favor enjoyed by his now forgotten stories partook to a certain extent of the edifying character of a religious revival: Madame Dubarry shed torrents of tears over their pages. Other writers exhibited manikins dressed up as American and African aborigines. Goethe, however, granted the readers of his "Werther" some glimpses of village life, fresh, strong and bold. But the taste for what is still here and there called falsely "the idealization of nature" was allowed to prevail long in literature.

Only the methods for gratifying this taste might vary. While the majority of those approaching illiterate and untidy people with pen and paper were determined to find them more virtuous than such as had suffered the disadvantage of frequent baths and a liberal education, some of the writers usually classed as romanticists cherished widely different desires. It was not precisely childlike virtue that Hugo and Mérimée were after when they let their imagination stray in quest of subjects to Spain, Corsica, and even the West Indies and Africa. To them the untrammelled play of savage instincts was then the one thing of all-absorbing interest.

There is every reason to be thankful for some of the stories which these literary tourists brought home. But the constant

ringing of variations upon one and the same theme never fails to become trying to the nerves. The yell of Hugo's Bug-Jargal or of Mérimée's Tamango is apt to weary the reader just as much as the cooing of Gessner's Inkle and Yariko. Both kinds of authors met in viewing Nature's Children *from without*. Whether the cry be: How touchingly innocent! or, How beautifully ferocious!—it is the cry of outsiders in pursuit of new sensations, with no serious intention of removing the picturesque trappings to examine the live men and women whom they hide. It took all but a century for writers of fiction consciously to come around to more sober views, more searching methods.

An early start in this direction had been made by Maria Edgeworth in her Irish tales, studied admiringly long after by Ivan Tourgénéieff. But in the early part of the century, their gentle voice was drowned in the din of the romantic novel as fashioned by Scott. Not that Scott, who admired Miss Edgeworth, altogether disregarded her example. His large-hearted hospitality extended to all classes; even gypsies and beggars were welcomed at his lordly mansion. But for the most part these people serve as romantic *staffage* only; with very few exceptions they are placed outside the circle of knights and dames in which centres the main interest. In "The Heart of Midlothian" the contrast between Jeanie's artlessness and the polished wiles of courtlife is lovingly dwelt on, but Jeanie is a child of nature only by half, Scotch Presbyterianism, which had very little to do with nature, claiming the other half. The determination to turn one's back on civilization and all its deeds has seldom manifested itself unambiguously in English fiction of the nineteenth century. The author of "Oliver Twist" insisted that he told the stern truth about his thieves for wise purposes of social and moral reform. Whereupon Thackeray promptly vouched that some of Dickens's thieves were bathed in rosewater, and that the only unadulterated brand of rogues would, for equally wise purposes, be on exhibition in "Catherine." Whichever statement was the more trustworthy, in either case the intention was the glorification of modern civilization through the unmasking of its enemies.

It is in George Borrow's ill-made and fascinating books —

may one call them novels? they rather form a genre by themselves of which they, not unfortunately, are the sole representatives—it is in "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" that one meets an unfeigned delight in the sayings and doings of all sorts of untaught people. "Lavengro," says the author, "is the history . . . of one of rather a peculiar mind and system of nerves, with an exterior shy and cold, under which lurks much curiosity, especially with regard to what is wild and extraordinary." This is true, and the pages of Borrow's books which relate how that curiosity got its fill, retain an abiding charm. He compels attention when recording his talks with gypsies, tinkers, or ex-convicts, because he speaks with spontaneous sympathy, if not, perhaps, with very penetrating divination. Probably the scholarly Mérimée was justified in smiling at some of Borrow's statements, as he does in "Carmen." Borrow is never more entertaining than when engaged in his philological courting of Isopel Berners, the workinghouse girl, whom he in vain tried to make repeat *hntam*, I rejoice, *hntas*, thou rejoicest, *hnta*, he rejoices—in vain, because Belle thought the Armenian words sounded more like the neighing of horses than the language of human beings—while she did at last consent to say: *siriem skiez*, which, unknown to her, meant as much as: I love you!

Altogether, Borrow's books are as rambling and disjointed and pedantic as if the very Jean Paul had had a finger in their making, and it may well be doubted if they will long preserve even such limited vitality as the best of Jean Paul's writings still possess. If they do, the gypsies and Isopel Berners may claim the credit for it.

One would think that, of the whole world, the spot for idyllic writers to abound would be the United States in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, when even the cities had aborigines in blankets at their outskirts, and the still more fortunate settlers in forests and prairies could meet them in their warpaint and have occasions for close personal contact in more or less agitated encounters. Chateaubriand's René did indeed enjoy some interesting experiences with savages both gentle and fierce. And Cooper owed much of his success to Uncas and Chingachgook. Afterwards it was for awhile customary to decry these as unduly

idealized, and one will always have to admit that, while illuminating the red man's admirable traits, Cooper left his inevitable failings comparatively in the shade. Yet of late sober students of anthropology no longer deny a considerable degree of truth, scientific truth so to speak, to Cooper's pictures. As for their poetical value, no one ever thought of denying that. His cruder followers, as Bird, seemed to need the Indian only as an agent in wholesale massacre, whether he himself did the butchering, or somebody else butchered him.

A new departure in the presentation of aborigines was made by Herman Melville, the author of "Typee," "Omoo," etc. Are these books fiction? Should their author at all be mentioned among novelists? I think he calls for at least a passing notice because, however much or little conscious selection, arrangement and coloring, his fascinating books really contain, some there is beyond a doubt—enough to make them links in that chain between autobiography and fiction which holds not a few of the choicest literary gems. "Typee" especially obtains an artistic unity from the recurrent and increasing misgivings of the author as to whether his kindly and amiable hosts intend ultimately to eat him, and for his final happy escape. The novelty of the treatment—as compared for instance with Cooper—is a greater simplicity, a firmer determination to rely solely upon resources inherent in the character and peculiarities of the savages, a willingness to take these precisely for what they shall gradually prove themselves to be through intercourse with the white man. The author successfully communicates to his readers a reflection of that feeling of happiness which pervades the valley of "Typee," a spot on which, in his own words, "the penalty of the Fall presses very lightly." By degrees, almost insensibly, one glides in his company into Nature's embrace, comes to look upon her and her children with undimmed primitive eyes. The style of these books, once so unreservedly admired, seems not wholly flawless at present; thus the constant use of terms as "nymphs" and "sylphs" for the native girls is to a modern taste unpleasant. It is on such minor points that a later Frenchman, Pierre Loti, who in sundry respects appears a reincarnated Melville, easily surpasses him. But the American sailor's fresh-

ness of feeling, his uncommon blending of delicacy with blunt manliness, secure him forever a unique position in the world's literature.

Melville founded no school in his country's fiction. For a long time after, such Americans as dealt with primitive existence, did so with no set purpose of rejuvenating literature and man through sojourns on virgin soil. It is preeminently in German fiction that this tendency has been obvious. It has caused the production of some excellent stories which will never die, a heap of mediocrity, and some volumes of a badness so surpassing, so colossal, so ravishing, that it still attracts attention by glowing through the dark vapors which surround the abode of eternally doomed books. Such are the stories of H. Clauren which were devoured by people who had read "*Hermann and Dorothea*" and "*The Heart of Midlothian*" fresh from the publisher's hand. Next to extraordinarily good books, nothing makes such instructive reading as extraordinarily bad ones, provided they were popular in their day. No books worse than Clauren's ever had so great a success, for never were worse books made. Reclam's publishing firm in Leipzig has done nothing more meritorious than the inserting of "*Mimili*" in its "*Universal-Bibliothek*." It requires but a modicum of brains to reprint Goethe and Shakespere, but nothing short of the rarest literary tact would suggest a republication of "*Mimili*." Now that it is there and may be had for 20 pfennig, no lover of literature who knows German can afford to miss the opportunity of making its acquaintance. Read it, read twice such passages as that where the hero and Mimili, the alpine shepherdess, feed each other with cake, she snapping "like a carp" with her dazzling white teeth after his fingers—and meditate on the fact that such reading was the delight of unnumbered thousands not very long ago. There is a lesson here in humility, caution, and other useful virtues.

Clauren's "*Mimili*" had not yet ceased to exercise her charm through continued new editions (which among other things kept the public informed of the increase of her household in the way of babies) when another author's individuality began slowly to assert itself through dramas and novels, the latter of which mingled reminiscences from Goethe with mannerisms caught in the

company of Jean Paul. Immermann's novels would now be buried, had not the bright man that he really was, woven into one of them, "Münchhausen," a series of pictures of Westphalian peasantry. The weaving is rather awkwardly done, but the pictures are good. Immermann enlightens us through the mouth of one of his characters as to the principles which guided his hand in the making of them. He did not intend to pose as the eulogist of idyllic rusticity, as Le Vaillant eulogized the virtues of the Hottentots at the expense of European civilization. What he contemplated was to help a generation, possessed with morbid hankerings, to a clearer perception of the fundamental characteristics of mankind and, consequently, its only indispensable needs. Among the peasants sound relations between the sexes still prevailed; what counted with them was not talk, but the accomplishment of one's apportioned work. "Watch the rejoicing at wedding feasts and shooting matches, and tell me honestly if you believe that fun will cease from earth as soon as the peevish youth of the present era predicts? There are idlers, bad marriages and wicked wives here as well as in the cities, but they are called by their right names. That compound of ennui and gush which is fashionable in society's ruling classes will remain ever unintelligible to the root and trunk of the community." (Münchhausen, book II, ch. 10, *passim*).

The polemical sting which Immermann still aims at the higher classes, was not found in Berthold Auerbach's first "Village Tales." If Auerbach considered society in need of a tonic, he said it not in so many words, but tendered his assistance in the guise of tales that seemed, and perhaps were, little more than real events remembered and retold. "Tolpatsch," "The Hostile Brothers," "The Warpipe," "Genovefa,"—some of these are humorous, some terribly sad, but nowhere is society in general, nor any particular section of it, held up to ridicule or indignation. Yet a discerning eye could not fail to detect that the author was not quite so naïve as would appear at first blush. He easily fell to musing, liked to speak his musings aloud, and to give them a didactic twist. In one story he told how two brothers quarrelled over the division of their late parents' property and in the end carried the matter into court, where it was

decided that everything must be sold and the proceeds divided between the brothers. Thus these had to buy back their own beds and other furniture. Anent which Auerbach observes :

"There are in every house many things which no stranger is able to buy for money ; they are worth much more than could ever be paid for them, because thoughts and memories cluster round them which to outsiders signify nothing. Such objects should be passed on quietly from generation to generation, for only thus would their inherent value be kept unimpaired. But if one must tear them out of other people's hands, or purchase them for money, their original exclusive character is to a great extent lost. They are obtained for what they are worth in cash, not inherited in silence, as, one might say, something sacred."

The truth of this is incontrovertible, but who would not prefer to have it stated in fewer words and, if possible, not by the author himself? But lapses of this kind, which were comparatively scarce in Auerbach's earliest stories, became more and more frequent as his reputation and self-confidence grew. A faithful disciple of Spinoza and Goethe, he was not satisfied to relate events pure and simple, he must needs present them in their "eternal aspect." The intention is laudable, but there are other, more artistic ways of realizing it, than sermonizing. Auerbach was the most bewildering compound of a poet—a lyrical poet at that—a psychologist, and a lay preacher, that ever invaded fiction. And as such we must take him. Criticism, which once chanted hymns of praise at the very mention of his name, later grew unduly ill-humored at his failings. They are there, to be sure, but in his best work they are more than outweighed by his great and rare virtues. If there was a touch of the ludicrous in Auerbach's freely expressed delight at his own acute observations, there was also something touching, because the man's sincerity shone out so resplendently. There are so many conceited fools in this world, that one may afford to judge with leniency a man whose self-satisfaction rests on a solid foundation. If some of his sayings are sure to provoke us, he rarely fails to make amends by words which give pure and lasting enjoyment. Black Marann, the poor widow in "Little Barefoot," whose son John has run off, is undoubtedly too eloquent for her bringing up, but

one is willing to overlook it for such a charming psychological morsel as this :

"Black Marann rarely attended religious services, but she liked to have somebody else borrow her hymnbook. It gave her a peculiar satisfaction that the book was in church, and she was particularly pleased when a mechanic from another town, who was working in the village, came and borrowed John's hymnbook for the same purpose ; it seemed to her as though her John were praying in the church of his home, because the words were read and sung from his book " . . .

Or even for this beautiful metaphor :

"Marann's talk was at once wild and shy ; it ventured forth only in the twilight, as the game in the forest."

There are matters that one may always count on finding treated in a masterly manner by Auerbach. Crabbedness, greed and unwarranted pride, taint all classes, but their manifestations differ according to the surroundings, and no one ever hit off more shrewdly and nicely than the author of "Diethelm of Buchenberg" and "Florian and Crescentia" those peculiar to farmers and peasants. In the first chapter of "Ivo, the little Priest," we see as through a window the springing up in the little boy's soul of a desire to become a priest, like him at whose first mass he has just been present : with sincere, though vague reverence and enthusiasm mingles an ambitious longing for self-assertion.

It is a pity that the remainder of "Ivo" is not up to the level of the opening. There is a farmhand, Nazi, an unconscious prophet of pantheism, who is neither probable nor pleasing. An author with such a philosophical itch as Auerbach could not long remain contented with the task of the story-teller pure and simple. Henceforth we have much to endure in his pages from characters embodying and preaching the doctrines of Spinoza so dear to the author's heart. They are either schoolteachers, scholars (as the collaborator in "The Professor's Wife") or village people born and bred, but whether or not they have come by their wisdom legitimately, they remain a set of bores.

Besides Spinoza two great writers shared the sway over Auerbach's soul : Scott and Goethe. It was the former that first

stirred in him a desire to write fiction, and although he fortunately never wrote those historical novels which he now and then contemplated, he rendered abundant evidence of the hold Scott had acquired upon his imagination. The sublimest of all Scott's characters, Jeanie Deans, is the mother of ever so many of his clever village women from Lorle to Valpurga, the crown-prince's nurse. It is no small compliment one pays these women by saying that their ancestress would be proud to acknowledge them.

Goethe's influence is more apparent in Auerbach's novels (of which it is not here the place to speak) than in the country stories, although "Little Barefoot" has a distinct flavor of "Hermann and Dorothea."

Auerbach's "Village Tales"—the word *Dorfgeschichten* was coined for their titlepage—gained more readers than any other German book since "Werther." They once more made peasants fashionable. In their wake followed unnumbered German stories, of which the most original were by Otto Ludwig and the two Austrians, Anzengruber and Rosegger. They constituted one of sundry factors in the development of Ivan Tourgiénieff (see his preface to the Russian translation of Auerbach's "The Villa on the Rhine") and probably of Björnsterne Björnson; their success may also have suggested similar experiments to George Sand. These three names are identified with still weightier achievements than any which Auerbach could boast, but only Tourgiénieff differed essentially from the others, and from Auerbach, in his treatment of rustic characters. His "Diary of a Sportsman" exemplifies an advanced stage of the evolution of the genre. Although the author confessedly planned these sketches as a means to promote the emancipation of the Russian serfs, he was too thorough an artist not to become so absorbed in the characters and situations that he avoided in their reproduction every trace of exaggeration, all suggestion of whitewash and varnish. *From a device to shame corrupt civilization, the village tale had become in the hands of Auerbach a pretext, or at any rate a text, for benevolent pantheistic discourse; Tourgiénieff finally set its aim entirely within its own limits.*

A writer older than Tourgiénieff, the Swiss pastor, Albert Bit-

zius, whose pen name was Jeremias Gotthelf, had made the same transition, although he too wrote with a view to reform — reform from within of the villages. Bitzius knew, perhaps, the psychology of the peasant better than any other novelist, and when the poet in him got the best of the moralist, the result was such delightful things as "Elsi, the Strange Maid" or "The Broom-maker from Rychiswyl." Bitzius could joke, but when he was in earnest, he was terribly so, and called not only a spade, but anything else in the country, by its plain, everyday name. And there is simply no telling what one may come across in the country! In "Poor Kate," and the still bolder "How Five Girls Perished from Brandy," this orthodox protestant pastor used language not a whit more polished than that which many years after caused such an outcry against the novels of Zola and his pupils. This was one of the reasons which for a long while limited so narrowly his public and his influence. In European literature his position is not to be compared with Auerbach's, but his production is a significant phenomenon as showing *the inevitable drift of the village tale towards naturalism.*

Bitzius wrote exclusively of peasants; others, mentioned above, did their most important work in other realms. It has not been my intention here to contemplate all the pictures of Nature's Children in the fiction of the nineteenth century, nor to treat exhaustively, or even enumerate, all the authors who have had a share in their making. So exquisite a writer as Pereda, for example, is studied most profitably in connection with other novelists of his own nation. Nor might this essay advantageously be extended by an estimate of those young American novelists who of late have raised anew the cry of "return to nature!" The most remarkable of these, Mr. Jack London, reveals obvious points of kinship with Mérimée, but both in his work, and in that of Mr. Stewart Edward White—to mention the only one whose force approaches Mr. London's—certain new elements prevail so distinctly, that a separate examination would be needed to render it justice.

My reason for grouping together the books just discussed, has been to throw light upon a tendency, or, better, perhaps, an instinct, which at intervals manifests itself in fiction, now to scant

purpose, now again with praiseworthy results. When all that is effected amounts but to the substitution of poppies on ladies' hats for plumes, literature is no better for the effort. But often authors have gone to people with a minimum of polish, because they were tired, *not so much of the polished classes themselves, as of the set formulas according to which these had to be portrayed in literature, and which the authors lacked the power to break.* Human nature remains essentially the same, beneath silk as beneath homespun, but it disports itself more freely under the latter covering. A sojourn among the children of nature may help to sharpen your perception of what is essential, and what fortuitous, in your fellow beings. After thus bracing themselves, the more ambitious literary artists as a rule return to the richer field of civilized humanity. The village tale may be defined as the vacation trip of modern fiction.

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HAMLET'S MOUSE-TRAP

The usual interpretation of the third act of "Hamlet" renders some of the protagonist's subsequent actions difficult if not impossible to explain. If Hamlet, as is generally supposed, was completely successful in the plot by which he put his uncle's integrity to the test, it is hard to understand why he made no immediate use of it, or why he gave himself up so easily to the diversion caused by the projected journey to England. He could not have set out in ignorance of his companions' characters, for Hamlet acknowledges to the queen that he would trust them as adders fanged, an assertion indicative of his complete distrust of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. He had set out upon a course of revenge, and he had held back from its accomplishment for certain reasons that the Mouse-trap was intended to remove; if they were removed by the complete success of the plot, why did he not continue as he had begun? He does not, however; but gently, without opposition consents to his own removal from the scene of action at the moment which most demands his presence, in company with men set over him by the king, men whom he suspects equal to foul play of the foulest kind. The suggestion that Shakespeare glanced at this apparent inconsistency in the character of Hamlet for the purpose of ridding the plot of him at the time of the re-appearance of Laertes is hardly worth consideration in a play that shows elsewhere the most careful construction even to the minutest details. In order to show that Hamlet's action is due to the utter failure and collapse of his plan to compromise the king by the Mouse-trap, it is necessary to go back for a moment to the beginning of the play.

The Elizabethans as a class were implicit believers in the ghost-lore of the time, and Shakespeare, in relying upon a supernatural revelation, is appealing to one of the strongest sympathies of his audience. To them no thought of weakness was introduced by the idea that a man of Hamlet's character was swayed in his actions by the promptings of a shadowy apparition. It was also a part of the contemporary ghost-lore that a spirit had the power of becoming invisible to whom it pleased, to

one or more of many ; hence there is no necessity of providing an explanation that assumes a difference between the ghost seen by all who are present upon the platform at the beginning of the play and the ghost seen later by Hamlet and not by the queen.

There was, however, another bit of tradition equally believed at the time that introduced an element of uncertainty as to the identity of the ghost : namely that the devil (for the Elizabethans believed in a personal devil) had the power of appearing in the likeness of a departed friend for the purpose of tempting one into a crime for which he would suffer eternal punishment. It should be borne in mind that this idea is not introduced subsequently by Hamlet as an excuse for inaction ; on the other hand, it not only occurs first to Horatio but also occurs to him immediately upon the suggestion that Hamlet follow the ghost into a different place. Never till the Mouse-trap is over does Hamlet lose hold of the idea of the danger to his soul if he revenges a crime that was never actually committed. It is in order to discover by the king's behaviour whether the ghost of the elder Hamlet has appeared with a true tale upon its lips, or whether the devil in a pleasing shape has appeared with a tale of falsehood, that Hamlet plans the Mouse-trap.

Note the plan in all its details. Hamlet believes that no man who had committed the crime attributed to Claudius could sit through the visible reproduction of that crime without displaying unusual emotion. Such an exhibition on the part of the king will at once settle the question of the ghost's identity and determine Hamlet's future action. Hamlet, however, with the full intention of doing complete justice, fears that his own bias may influence him to a wrong judgment, so he imparts his plan to Horatio who is also to note what happens, and they are to compare notes on the king's behaviour *after* the play is over. Note that it is Hamlet's full intention to sit idly by till the play is finished before he arrives at a final conclusion.

In this clever scheme Hamlet has forgotten one important detail. He has forgotten to think what may be the effect of this scene upon himself. In the sequel it turns out that Hamlet is far more deeply moved than is his uncle, and at last completely collapses under the strain. The play proceeds. Both Hamlet

and Horatio watch the king like a pair of hawks. Hamlet, however, is the first to give evidence that he is himself suffering extreme emotion at sight of what is to be the reproduction of his father's murder. This seems to be the motive of the exclamation "Wormwood, wormwood" which is not marked as an aside in the early editions. Doubtless the king is struck with the similarity of the lovemaking of the actors, for he turns to Hamlet to ask whether he has seen the play, whether there is in it any offense. Whatever Claudius may have shown of emotion up to this point, it has not taken shape in words. This anxiety to know what is coming tells Hamlet beyond peradventure that he is on the road to the coveted proof. He is madly joyous over this fact and impetuously makes the fatal blunder of the play. In his reply to the king he, as it were, shows his hand completely.

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

The word tropically, and the last phrases, tell the king the whole situation. He realizes that Hamlet has either discovered or suspected the secret crime and is now trying to entrap its author. A less accomplished villain than the man who could say with so much dignity at such a dangerous moment —

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man—

is indeed far too accomplished in self-control not to be able to meet the coming shock when he is so fully aware of what is expected of him.

Hamlet immediately discovers the mistake he has made when he sees that the only effect of his words is to steady the king. It is exasperation at his own failure that causes Hamlet to violate his original plan of waiting so the end in order to compare notes

with Horatio. It is the exasperation due to a coming sense of failure, because the players cannot accomplish it, that prompts Hamlet's attempt to force the king into an outward display of unusual emotion, by himself springing up and taking the words out of the actors' mouths.

Yet, wherein lies the failure? Has not Hamlet convinced himself of the ghost's integrity? Remember Hamlet's desire of justice. To kill Claudius in a way that will appeal to the public as a murder without setting the story in its true light is far from Hamlet's plan. He desires to be an avenging judge, not an implicated murderer. And thus he is bound to appear if he acts upon the information derived from the Mouse-trap.

Hamlet has already won the reputation for madness about the court. He has jumped up in the midst of a play before the king, interrupted the players at an important point of the narrative, talked fiercely to the king himself, in other words has done much to strengthen the belief in his madness. It would be easy for Claudius to turn this impression to his advantage, as he actually does shortly afterward. The unusual situation is first mentioned, however, by others. It is Ophelia who first speaks. It is Polonius who first suggests that the play be "given o' re." And the king, though, of course, greatly wrought, is able to get away, almost unnoticed, leaving Hamlet in undisputed possession of the courtiers' thoughts. Almost immediately Rosencrantz and Guildenstern return to tell Hamlet that his mother has been struck with his mad behaviour, struck "into amazement and admiration." And so his behaviour must appear to every one who has seen him at the play, except Horatio and the king.

Hamlet voices this idea in his utterance beginning "Now might I do it pat." Claudius would be sent to heaven, not because killed while upon his knees, but because he would be canonized in the popular mind through having lost his life at the hand of a disappointed, insane claimant to the throne. And this view of the situation is still in Hamlet's mind at the end of the play when he begs Horatio to preserve his life a little longer, saying,

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

So Hamlet's Mouse-trap has not turned out as he expected it. He has made a mistake that has virtually convinced him of the truthfulness of the ghost and at the same time robbed him of the power of effectively acting upon the fact. A fit of despondency ensues. He feels that he has bungled the whole matter. He has once before lamented that he was chosen to set things right; now he feels as if his own weakness makes the attempt utterly useless. In this frame of mind he is willing to depart far from Denmark, even to England where in company with men whom he trusts as adders fanged, rather than to remain where duty cries him on while his futility cries impossible. But this mood is of short duration. He is soon spurred into his true self again at sight of the soldiers. He seizes the first opportunity, comes back to Denmark, is trapped into a fencing match ignorantly and against his will, and kills the king only when the evidence of his own poisoned cup and Laertes' dying confession leaves a record that tells posterity the truth.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER *

In the death of Herbert Spencer on December 8th, 1903, there passed from the stage of the world's activity one of the greatest synthetic thinkers which the Anglo-Saxon race has produced. We in America may rightfully claim an especial interest in Mr. Spencer, inasmuch as his writings won an earlier recognition and acceptance among us than was the case in the mother country. Those liberal principles which Spencer held both in politics and in religion probably furnished a reason why there should be an especial bond of sympathy between him and scientific thinkers on this side of the Atlantic. Be that as it may, Herbert Spencer belongs not to England alone, but to the English-speaking race the world over. Not only so, but his message has gone forth into all the world; his clear and vigorous thought, his direct and incisive speech have left their impress upon the whole scientific thought of our time. But as a thinker Mr. Spencer primarily belongs to the school of British empirical philosophy; to the sober, practical, utilitarian school which was inaugurated by Bacon, and continued by Locke, Bentham, and John Stuart Mill. Mill was, in fact, Spencer's immediate precursor in the field of inductive science; and Spencer is seen in his true light when he is recognized as the continuator of Mill.

Mr. Spencer never seems to have felt the influence of the idealistic type of thought, even as held and promulgated in Great Britain; while of foreign philosophy, particularly of the modern idealistic philosophy of Germany, he knew practically nothing, and in all likelihood cared even less. It is true

* *The Autobiography of Herbert Spencer*. Two Volumes. New York, D. Appleton and Co., 1904.

Synthetic Philosophy, by Herbert Spencer. New York, D. Appleton and Co.

Naturalism and Agnosticism, being the Gifford Lectures for 1896-1898, by James Ward, LL.D., Professor of Mental Philosophy and Logic in Cambridge University, England. Macmillan, New York, 1899.

Spencer and Spencerism, by Hector Macpherson, Chapman and Hall, London, 1900.

Comte, Mill and Spencer, by John Watson, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada. Macmillan and Co. 1895.

that the "positive philosophy" of Auguste Comte had influenced him to a certain degree; no doubt as it had come to him through John Stuart Mill. But on the speculative side, as far as Mr. Spencer permitted himself to indulge in speculation at all, his chief debt is owed to Sir William Hamilton and Dean Mansel. Hamilton and Mansel were Christian agnostics. But they were Christian first and agnostic second; while Mr. Spencer was an agnostic first, and a Christian not at all. Spencer borrowed from Hamilton and Mansel the arguments by which they had supported their theory of philosophic nescience; but he did not take over that element of religious faith which had, in fact, been the profoundest element in their view of the universe. But Spencer's main interests were not religious and metaphysical, but scientific. He deliberately confined himself to the study of phenomena; to the facts and forces of the visible universe. And these forces he conceived of mainly as physical forces. Those chapters upon "The Unknowable" which stand at the beginning of Mr. Spencer's "First Principles" form in reality but an introduction to that part of his work in which he has put forth his full strength,—I mean, the discussion of the universal laws of phenomena; chiefest among which, and comprehending all the rest is that supreme generalization of Evolution, which it is perhaps Mr. Spencer's proudest distinction to have formulated.

When we turn to Mr. Spencer's treatment of the great universal principles and laws which lie at the basis and form the framework of all the special sciences, we cannot fail to be impressed not only by his penetrative insight and comprehensive grasp, but also by his ability to reduce a multitude of individual facts and details to the ordered unity of a system. Reverence for facts, the passion for reality, in his case, as always, have their outcome not only in evident sincerity, but also in self-restraint, as well as in moderation of statement. But Mr. Spencer uniformly and consistently falls short of treating those problems of thought which are deepest and highest. It is in the fields of the visible and tangible rather than of the invisible and spiritual that he finds his congenial home. Intellectually, Mr. Spencer exemplifies that discursive faculty of the mind which operates by de-

duction and induction, rather than that highest faculty which Aristotle denominated the "active reason;" the faculty namely, which contemplates intellectual truth in its ultimate principles. The writer of a review article which was published in the *New York Tribune*, and dated London, Dec. 8th, 1903, makes the statement (which, while no doubt exaggerated, nevertheless points towards a truth) that "in spite of (Spencer's) encyclopaedic grasp of details, he was less capable of abstract thought than any man of high intellectual powers in ancient or modern times." The reviewer proceeds to illustrate what he means by adverting to Mr. Spencer's use of the words "conception" and "conceive" as connoting intellectual activities or operations. The term "conception" which is used by logicians and metaphysicians to denote the abstract definition,—that which Aristotle calls the "formal cause" or "essence" of things, in the sense of "being, combined with qualities," Mr. Spencer uses throughout in the meaning of "mental image" or "thought picture." In other words, Mr. Spencer is dealing with *aesthemata* and *phantasmata*, rather than with *noemata*; that is to say, with sense perceptions and with mental and physical phenomena, rather than with abstract intellectual concepts. In other words, he is dealing, as, in fact, he professes to deal, not with the ideal constructions of thought, but with material and tangible realities. If this fact constitutes, as no doubt it does, a limitation upon Mr. Spencer's thinking, at the same time it must be acknowledged that just here is found the secret of his strength as a scientist and a positive philosopher. Mr. Spencer is at home in the realm of mechanics and physics, of chemistry and of biology. No doubt, he is also at home in the realms of psychology and of sociology; but even in these latter departments of knowledge and reality he never gets far away from that which is material and tangible and perceptible by the senses. He prefers to treat of psychology and of sociology on the basis of physical laws. And although it does not fall within our present purpose to discuss Mr. Spencer's system of Ethics, yet it may be remarked that in this field he shows a distinct trend in the direction of utilitarianism, even though he does criticise the utilitarianism of Bentham and Mill.

Our chief concern in this paper, however, is with Mr. Spencer's utterance in regard to certain of the fundamental problems of human thought; for he has, as a matter of fact, expressed himself upon these problems, even though not professedly from the point of view of the metaphysician. Mr. Spencer's general intellectual and philosophical position is clearly and fully set forth, as is well known, in his "First Principles." And here one is at the outset confronted by the oft-repeated charge brought against Mr. Spencer that he is a materialist. Although this accusation, strictly speaking, cannot be maintained, at the same time it can hardly be questioned that many passages of Mr. Spencer's writings do evince a tendency to interpret mental and spiritual phenomena by means of physical forces. Properly speaking, however, Mr. Spencer's ultimate principle is not Matter, any more than it is conscious Intelligence. If Mr. Spencer has a philosophy at all, that is to say, in the metaphysical sense, one ought to speak of that philosophy as a system of Dynamism; since, in Mr. Spencer's view, it is Force which is the "ultimate of ultimates." It must be acknowledged, however, that Force is conceived by Mr. Spencer mainly as physical force, and for this reason it can hardly be denied that much of his thought does inevitably show a materialistic trend. But Mr. Spencer, true to the limitations which he has set himself in his task, does not undertake to go into any metaphysical explanation of the nature either of force or of matter.

As has already been said, his system gives no place to, as it has no room for, abstract or metaphysical conceptions, as such. This point cannot be illustrated better than by reference to what Spencer has to say in regard to Matter in the chapter which deals with "The Persistence of Force," ("First Principles," §60): "Power of resisting that which we know as our own muscular strain is an ultimate element in our idea of body, as distinct from space." In a foot-note Mr. Spencer explains his meaning more fully. "I am," he says, "as in the last chapter, at issue with some of my scientific friends. They do not admit that the conception of force is involved in the conception of a unit of matter. *From the psychological point of view, however,*" (the term "psychological" as used in this connection is significant, and we have

accordingly italicised the phrase in which it occurs), "from the psychological point of view, Matter, in all its properties is the unknown cause of the sensations it produces in us; of which the one which remains when all others are absent, is resistance to our efforts, — a resistance we are obliged to symbolize as the equivalent of the muscular force it opposes. In imaging a unit of matter, we may not ignore this symbol, by which alone a unit of matter can be figured in thought as an existence. It is not allowable to speak as though there remained a conception of an existence when that conception has been eviscerated, — deprived of the element of thought by which it is distinguished from empty space. Divest the conceived unit of matter of the objective correlate to our subjective sense of effort, and the entire fabric of physical conceptions disappears."

Mr. Spencer's use of the terms "to imagine," "to think," "to conceive" as perfectly synonymous expressions will be sufficiently evident from this passage; which at the same time will serve to set forth in clear language his view of *force* as the ultimate Fact, and the real principle of Matter. But in our experience of the universe and of things therein we are brought in contact not only with Force, but with forces; not alone with energy in general, but with such specific energies as Gravity, Chemical Attraction, Organic or Vital Energy, (i. e. the power which expresses itself in the building up of physiological structures) and, finally, with the forces of conscious Will and self-directed Effort. What, now, will Mr. Spencer do with these various forces? Is the ultimate fact in regard to them their specific *distinctness*, or their generic *unity*? Spencer's answer to this question is expressed in no uncertain terms; it is, in fact, the common property of the scientific world; it is known and read of all men. What Charles Darwin did in respect to the several species of plant and animal life, — i. e. reduce them to an original unity, through tracing the process of their development, — that Spencer has done for the energies and laws which are operative throughout all nature; he has reduced them to a unity through the enunciation of the laws of the Transformation and Equivalence of Forces. All empirical forces, whether of Heat, of Light, of Electricity, or what not, are but particular expressions of the one

universal Energy. It is here that Spencer advances beyond John Stuart Mill.

To quote from an ardent disciple of Mr. Spencer:¹ "So long as the purely mechanical conception of the Universe obtained sway over the minds of philosophers, there was no getting beyond Positivism, with its theory that nothing can be known beyond co-existences and sequences. Mill's intellectual helplessness before the problem, his belief that there was no inherent necessity at the heart of things,—instance his declaration that in other worlds two and two might make five,—had their origin in the unconscious hold which the old mechanical conception of the Universe had upon his mind. The demonstration, "of the essential and necessary unity of the Cosmos was only made possible when the dynamic was substituted for the old mechanical point of view." "According to Mill," says Macpherson again,² "knowledge resolves itself into a recognition of particulars. . . . Mill, like Comte, considered that scientific men were going beyond the inductions of experience when they endeavored to attribute to Nature any kind of inherent regularity and necessity. . . . With Mill, a scientific philosophy had done its work when it revealed the existence of a number of apparently permanent laws whose inter-relation was undiscoverable, and upon which the regularity of the Cosmos depended. . . . Spencer's contribution to a scientific conception of the Universe consisted in going beyond Hume, Comte and Mill, in the direction of including all generalizations under one generalization, and in supplementing the inductive method by the deductive; thereby demonstrating the necessary and organic unity of the Cosmos."

This is indeed the language of an ardent disciple in celebrating the achievements of his master. According to Macpherson, Herbert Spencer has gloriously succeeded in accomplishing the great aim of his Synthetic Philosophy,—the enunciation and demonstration of the Law of Evolution in its universal scope and application. Plurality is reduced to Unity, and, by being thus reduced, is explained. Scientific and philosophical Monism is

¹ Hector Macpherson, in "Spencer and Spencerism" p. 69.

² *Ibid.*, p. 27.

the answer to the riddle of the Universe. "Force is the ultimate of ultimates."³ The history of the universe is the history of the process by which this Force has unfolded itself through various modifications, and has progressively realized itself under an infinite variety of forms.

According to Macpherson, (p. 67), "Spencer repudiates as earnestly as his detractors the view that force, which on the mechanical side is the final word of the scientific conception of the world—is the final word of the philosophic conception. To the philosophical scientist force is but a symbol; in his view atoms and energies have only a relative value. Indeed, so impressed is Mr. Spencer with the inadequacy of the Materialist theory that in his *First Principles* and his *Psychology*, he says that it is more rational to conceive the ultimate principle of existence in terms of Mind than of Matter. But what the actual nature of the one reality is, Mr. Spencer does not undertake to say. . . ."

It is, however, very difficult to bring into harmony with these statements of Mr. Macpherson, Spencer's own language in his recently-published *Autobiography* (Vol. II, p. 15); "When writing the '*Principles of Psychology*' . . .," says Mr. Spencer, "and proposing . . . to interpret nervous phenomena as resulting from discharges along lines of least resistance, *my tendency to seek for ultimate physical principles as keys to complex phenomena*" (the italics are ours), "had shown itself. Apt thus to look at things, and prepared therefore to be especially receptive of such truths as that the various kinds of force are but different forms of one force, and that this one force can in no case be either increased or decreased, but only transformed; it is manifest that I was ready to have the several conceptions above described, still further unified by affiliation on these ultimate physical principles. There naturally arose the perception that the instability of the homogeneous and the multiplication of effects, must be derivative laws; and that the laws from which they are derived must be those ultimate laws of force similarly traceable throughout all orders of existences."

The above quotation sets before us in a clear light Mr. Spencer's characteristic position as to the applicability of the laws of

³ "*First Principles*," p. 151.

physical force to the explanation of the phenomena of mind and consciousness. A strong criticism of this position of Spencer is that made by Professor John Watson, of Queen's College, at Kingston, Canada, (in his "Comte, Mill and Spencer," p. 193): "To speak of feelings in terms of nerve-movements is virtually to abolish the distinction between the feelings and the nerve-movement. Now, a feeling as it exists for consciousness is always a particular phase of reality as related by thought to other phases of reality. Apart from consciousness, the feeling has no existence as a known object; *as* a known object, it implies the universalizing activity of the one identical subject. But, if prior to the consciousness of the feeling there is no known feeling, to speak of a nerve-movement as if it could explain feeling is to assume that a peculiar form of reality can be explained without any reference to that without which it could not exist at all. Consciousness cannot be expressed in terms of motion, because, without supposing consciousness to be distinct from motion, there could be no consciousness at all."

So far Dr. Watson. I think we may say that Mr. Spencer's philosophy of the reciprocal relations existing between Mind on the one hand and Matter on the other, is by no means clear or consistent with itself. A good deal of his language appears to bear in the direction of tracing back all existence to the material and the mechanical as its origin and explanation; while in other passages, seeming to shrink from such a conclusion, he speaks of the "ultimate reality" as being "in-scrutable;" and as being strictly interpretable neither in terms of Matter nor yet in terms of Consciousness.

A very striking illustration of Mr. Spencer's tendency to explain our conscious mental experiences by means of physical analogies and in terms of physico-mathematical laws is his attempted application of the atomic theory to Psychology. Mr. Spencer is speaking in this connection of the parallelism between the facts of nervous disturbance and the facts of mental action. His position is thus summed up by Prof. Watson (*op. cit.* p. 153); "But the parallelism is even closer. We are apt to suppose that the individual sensations and emotions we experience are absolutely simple. But they are not really so. A musical sound,

for example, is supposed to be a simple feeling. If equal blows or taps are made one after the other at a rate not exceeding some sixteen per second, the effect of each is perceived as a separate noise; but when the rapidity with which the blows follow one another exceeds this, the noises are no longer identified in separate states of consciousness, and there arises a continuous state of consciousness called a tone. Thus an apparently simple feeling is composed of various feelings. Now we must suppose, in the same way, that all kinds of feelings are really complex, though apparently simple. Nay, must we not suppose that *all* feelings are made up of elements that in the last analysis are absolutely identical in their nature? To this primordial element of consciousness a nervous shock of no appreciable duration may be supposed to correspond."

Mr. Spencer's own words⁴ bring out his meaning even more clearly and forcibly: "It is possible, then, may we not even say probable that something of the same order as that which we call a nervous shock is the ultimate unit of consciousness; and that all the unlikenesses among our feelings result from unlike modes of integration of this ultimate unit."

This attempt on the part of Mr. Spencer to reduce our mental experiences to what may be described as ultimate psychological units or atoms, or, to quote his own phrase, "units of consciousness," we are inclined to regard as having been pretty effectually disposed of by Professor Royce of Harvard in his recently-published volume on Psychology.⁵ "Consciousness," says Professor Royce tersely, "is not a shower of shot (p. 84). . . . It does not come to us as consisting of these elementary states" (p. 108). . . . Again, as Professor Royce continues, "A state of consciousness exists when somebody is conscious of that state. When nobody is conscious of that state, it does not exist. . . . The multiplicity that we might observe, and do not observe, belongs to a possible mental state which at the moment of our failure to observe, we do not possess. It now seems to us therefore wrong," concludes Professor Royce, "to say that a mental state consists at any time of elements which we ourselves do not

⁴"Principles of Psychology." vol. i, p. 151.

⁵"Outlines of Psychology" by Josiah Royce, Ph.D., LL.D.,

distinguish in that state" (p. 109). If the present writer may be permitted to sum up the matter as it presents itself to his own mind,—the sum and substance of the matter is that in Psychology we must take our stand upon *consciousness*. In a very real sense, we cannot go back of its data. If this be so, then Mr. Spencer's theory as to "units of consciousness" is utterly without meaning to the *psychologist*.

Now let us turn to Mr. Spencer's philosophy of the evolutionary process. This may fairly be said to be the back-bone of his entire system; upon this his reputation as a thinker will very largely stand or fall. One of the most serious criticisms of Herbert Spencer's evolutionary philosophy is that of Dr. James Ward, Professor of Mental Philosophy and Logic in Cambridge University, England. In his Gifford Lectures for 1896-98, on "Naturalism and Agnosticism," Dr. Ward, *inter alia* makes the point that Mr. Spencer's method of procedure in arguing for his evolutionary hypothesis is based upon a confusion of abstraction with analysis; that, under the cover of analyzing phenomena, Mr. Spencer "abstracts till he has no content left." "This abstract analytic procedure Hegel has quaintly compared to the process of peeling off the coats of an onion; now, in what Mr. Spencer calls ultimate analysis, all the coats are gone. If we are now to brush all these aside, it does not greatly matter whether we call what is left "non-being" or "being apart from all appearances." It is a question of taste; some prefer one, some the other. The way back to rational synthesis is alike impossible from either. The feats by which Mr. Spencer seems to accomplish it we have admired already. From the persistence of existence to the conservation of energy, and from the conservation of energy to the entire body of mechanical principles,—two easy steps for Mr. Spencer,—and he is in line with the mechanical theory. Having thus conjured himself back from a height of abstraction, avowedly devoid of all definite content, to definite content admitting of analysis, we are not surprised to find Mr. Spencer skillful enough to make a show of building up the whole fabric and essential history of life and mind and society in terms of that content, i. e. in terms of Matter, Motion and Force. Having advanced from the indefinite residuum as far as these three

coats of his onion and their laws, it seems no longer an impossible feat to conjure all the rest out of these. "But," Dr. Ward goes on to say, "I contend that it is only conjuring. The new elements are adroitly taken up as the synthesis advances, although they seem to have been swept from the board before the performance commenced. The process is not legitimate because they are not avowed as parts of the ultimate analysis; because, in fact, this supposed analysis is incomplete, is not analysis but abstraction, on the way to which these elements were left entirely aside."⁶

Dr. Ward makes use of the following illustration to show how Mr. Spencer advances from the bare and beggarly elements (if I may venture so to call them, with all due deference to the natural scientists), from the elements of Matter, Motion and Force to the highest and most concrete manifestations of Life and Mind and Purpose. Perhaps I cannot do better than give Dr. Ward's illustration in his own words, as it could not well be expressed in terser or more vigorous language: "Take," says he, "a shelf of miscellaneous books in the English language,—books on mathematics, chemistry, physiology, history, art, literature, or what you will,—and imagine a private student setting to work to improve his mind, as we say, by means of them. It will not be indifferent in what order he reads; to understand the physiology he will often find himself thrown back on the chemistry; to understand the chemistry he must often consult the mathematics; the art and the literature will be full of allusions to the history. Above all, the whole will presuppose that the student himself is a person with sense, intelligence, feeling, conscience. Nevertheless, if we are not to be too severe on the synthetic philosophy, we would better leave the student as much as may be out of account.

"Now let us introduce a man of letters with a Spencerian sense of thoroughness. The first step, he will say, must be to analyze all this material; and only an *ultimate analysis* will suffice; we must not pause till we have reached the *imperceptible*. Specialists, he will continue, have already provided nomenclatures and terminologies, glossaries, indexes of persons and things,

⁶"Naturalism and Agnosticism," pp. 258, 259.

and the like. Passing beyond all this *un-unified* knowledge, the lexicographer provides us with *partially unified* knowledge, and covers the whole range of these books by an adequate dictionary of the English tongue. We get still nearer to that *ultimate knowledge* when we can exhibit the letters of the alphabet as the constituents of English as it is, was, and will be. But even these letters are made up of strokes of two kinds,—viz., straight strokes and curved strokes; and only when these are disintegrated into the primordial dots of which they must be compounded, and these dots duly dissipated, have we reached that *ultimate* and *imperceptible* state where *rational synthesis* must begin. Evolution then arises as this *dissipation* gives place to *concentration*, and with increased *concentration* comes increased *differentiation*; and so we advance from dots to strokes, from strokes to letters of various forms, from these to syllables 'with a subsequent advance to dissyllables and polysyllables, and to involved combinations of words'—the *heterogeneity* steadily increasing in geometrical progression. As these *aggregates* of letters grow in *complexity* and *definiteness* more wide-reaching *interdependencies* become manifest; in short, what is called grammar and sense arise.

"But not only do we find in these the same processes of *integration*, *differentiation*, and *segregation* already exemplified; they are also themselves objectively presented and more or less permanently registered in literal form. Then, when at length the change which evolution presents is complete, and *equilibration* is reached, we have, in what we know as stereotype, that perfection, harmony, and complete *congruity* which the stereotyped editions of the synthetic philosophy so admirably illustrate. To be sure, this interpretation of all literary phenomena in terms of *integrated* black and *diffused* white is nothing more than the reduction of *complex phenomena* to their simplest forms; and as that philosophy shows, "when the equation has been brought to its lowest terms the symbols remain symbols still."¹ No doubt, "most persons," as the author of that philosophy remarks, "have acquired repugnance to such modes of interpretation." But, as he further truly says, "whoever remembers that the forms of existence [in

¹"First Principles," p. 558.

his case Matter and Motion, in ours print and paper] which the illiterate speak of with so much scorn are shown to be the more marvellous in their attributes the more they are investigated . . . will see that the course proposed does not imply the degradation of the so-called higher, but an elevation of the so-called lower."⁸ From the infant's primer with its strokes and pot-hooks up to the pages of Newton and Spencer, we discern the same *evolving aggregate* not progressively *integrating* simply, but simultaneously undergoing various *secondary redistributions*; the *structural complexities* thus emerging being ever accompanied by the *functional complexities* known as grammatical, logical, literary, scientific, and so forth. Given the *indestructibility* of ink and the *persistence* of paper, together with the various *derivative laws* that are their corollaries and consequences, and it can be shown—adapting the words of our great evolutionist—not only how the grammatical elements exhibit the traits they do, but how books are evolved, thoughts generated, and civilizations achieved. But deny our fundamental datum, or as Mr. Spencer says: "let idealism be true, and evolution is a dream."⁹

Caustic and severe as is Prof. Ward's criticism, the present writer is inclined to believe that its substantial justice will become increasingly apparent as time goes on. It is a safe and sound principle that you cannot get out of a thing more than is already in it; you may label that thing Evolution, or what you will. And, moreover, if Evolution is a process, the process itself must be accounted for: that is, if we are to have not only an evolutionary science but also a science of Evolution. It has often been said, and it cannot be too often repeated, that if Evolution be true, there can be nothing in the higher stages of evolutionary process which was not, potentially at least, in the lower. And in the account which science is at this day able to give of this evolutionary process there are certain gaps which as yet can hardly be said to have been bridged over. Dr. Ward calls attention to the fact that two most important volumes of Mr. Spencer's philosophy were left unwritten—the volumes, to wit, which should have dealt with Inorganic Evolution, and with

⁸ Ibid., p. 556.

⁹ "Naturalism and Agnosticism," pp. 249-251.

the origin of life. That is to say: in Mr. Spencer's system as he has left it to the world, there still yawns the great gap between the inorganic and the organic kingdoms. And when we come to the relations between the physical life and the conscious psychical and mental life, Mr. Spencer's explanations can hardly be said to be adequate or satisfactory.

To begin with, Mr. Spencer as a psychologist recognizes the dualism existing between Mind on the one hand, and Matter on the other hand. Subject and object are, in his words, "antithetically opposed divisions of the entire assemblage of things." The distinction of subject and object,—that is to say, the distinction between Matter on the one hand, and Consciousness on the other hand, means the consciousness of a difference transcending all other differences.¹⁰ Mr. Spencer holds that we can reduce the subject to units of feeling, and the object to units of force; but we cannot reduce units of feeling to units of force; this is, in his own words, "the distinction never to be transcended while consciousness lasts." But admitting, as Mr. Spencer does, this unresolvable distinction between Mind and Matter, he thereby necessarily surrenders any principle of absolute Monism; whether that Monism be construed in a materialistic or an idealistic sense; and thereby, as it appears to us, virtually surrenders the synthetic unity of his system. In other words, if such a line of demarcation be admitted as that which we have just seen Mr. Spencer to admit as existing between Consciousness on the one hand and material existence on the other, why may not the principle of differentiation have a still wider application? and in that case does not the attempt to explain all things by virtue of one ultimate, simple and abstract principle still more evidently break down?

Inasmuch as Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge does not differ essentially from that of other thinkers, it does not seem to call for an especial discussion in this place. We shall therefore pass on to consider, in conclusion, Mr. Spencer's doctrine concerning the *Absolute*, or that which he speaks of as the *Unknowable*; both in respect to the relation

¹⁰"Principles of Psychology," § 62.

in which this Unknowable stands to the world of phenomena, and also as the Unknowable may be considered in itself.

As we have already seen, Mr. Spencer holds that physical or mechanical force, like Matter, is but a symbol of the ultimate Reality.¹¹ "Knowledge proper is confined to the sphere of the phenomenal";¹² and "philosophy is restricted to the unification of knowledge,"¹³ i. e. of the knowledge of the phenomenal universe. Both Mind and Matter, as Mr. Spencer holds, are but symbols of some inscrutable Reality which lies back of them and of which they constitute, to use the language of Mr. Bradley, the "Appearance." How, then, we inquire, does the Absolute stand related to the phenomenal world, whether of Matter or of Mind? Mr. Spencer's answer to this question is that the Absolute is the Source of all power and energy,—the One supreme Cause of all things that are known, while it remains itself unknown and unknowable by us. It is the infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed.

Under this head two inquiries suggest themselves: the statement of which, and the attempt briefly to suggest an answer to them will form the conclusion of this paper. Our first question is this: "Is Mr. Spencer's account of the Absolute and of the relation of the Absolute to the phenomenal world self-consistent?" On page 176 of his "First Principles" Mr. Spencer postulates an Absolute Force as "the necessary correlate of the force we are conscious of." This Absolute Force is identified by Mr. Spencer with "*the Unconditioned*" of Sir William Hamilton; with that Unknowable which, in Mr. Spencer's language, is "the necessary correlative of the Knowable." But did not Mr. Spencer perceive his own inconsistency in using this language about the Absolute? For if he means by the Absolute that which the term is generally understood to mean,—i. e., the antithesis of the Relative; that which, in contrast with the Relative, does not stand in any necessary relation to anything but itself,—then how can one speak of this Absolute (i. e., the Unknowable) as "*the necessary correlative*" of the Knowable"? If this

¹¹ Macpherson, *ut supra*, p. 67.

¹² Note on p. 169 of "First Principles."

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 68.

Absolute Force, i. e., this "Ultimate" of Mr. Spencer is a "correlative" or a "correlate" of something else; still more, if it is the "*necessary*" correlate of that something else, is it not evident that by the fact of this necessary relation to something which is not itself, the Absolute ceases to be Absolute?

But it may be said in reply that Mr. Spencer is himself the first to admit these incongruities, which are, as he says, but the necessary outcome of the limitations of human thought; and that it is therefore not fair to tax him with inconsistency on this head. If Mr. Spencer is inconsistent with himself, he may plead that at least he is no worse than other thinkers; he may avail himself of the old argument "*tu quoque*." Forbearing, therefore, to press this point further, let us pass on to our second and closing question:—Is Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the Absolute as the Absolute is in itself—we do not say, *adequate*, (for who can adequately expound the Infinite and Supreme Reality?)—but, so far as it goes, or in the extent to which it goes, satisfying? "So far as it goes,"—in this phrase, as we conceive it, lies just the point at issue. For our contention is, that in the account which he has given of the Absolute, Mr. Spencer either goes too far, or he does not go far enough. He admits the Absolute to be *Power*, as we have seen. Not only so,—he also admits the Absolute to be not merely Power, but *Cause*. He is, however, unwilling to speak of the Absolute as a *Person*, on account, as it appears, of the limitations and apparent contradictions with which our thought is confronted when we endeavor to apply personal terms, or in fact, human conceptions of any kind, to the Absolute and Infinite Being. But are these difficulties, (the existence of which we, for our own part, by no means deny), confined to the category of *Personality*? Do they not also confront us in connection with the category of Unity, for example? While Mr. Spencer's construction of things in general is *unitary*, other thinkers, like Professor James, of Harvard, contend that philosophers must in future deal more seriously with the *pluralistic* hypothesis than they have been doing.¹⁴

Again, is not the conception of *Force*, whether as Absolute or relative, beset with metaphysical difficulties? Yet we have seen

¹⁴"The Varieties of Religious Experience," p. 526.

Mr. Spencer freely attaching this conception to his idea of the Absolute. Once more,—are there no metaphysical difficulties bound up with the conception of Causality? Rather does not the slightest study of the history of human thought exhibit to our view the category of Causality as the very point where the battles of the metaphysicians have ever raged most fiercely? Yet we have seen Mr. Spencer conceding that the Absolute is a Cause. Why, then, should Mr. Spencer stop here, and decline to advance further? Why should he draw the line at Consciousness, and decline to construe the Absolute in terms of the Personal? Mr. Spencer, as we have seen, speaks of the Absolute as being also the Unknowable. He uses these two terms indifferently to describe the Ultimate Reality. But inasmuch as we have seen Mr. Spencer attaching metaphysical predicates to his Absolute, we are, I contend, justified in holding that, to that extent, Mr. Spencer's Unknowable has already ceased to be unknowable; to that extent it has, in effect, become knowable. Let us see, then, what is the extent of Mr. Spencer's admissions.

He admits, in the first place, that the Absolute *exists*; that there *is* such a thing as the Absolute. That is, Mr. Spencer construes the Absolute according to the metaphysical category of *Being*. In the next place, Mr. Spencer admits that the Absolute is *Power*,—and Infinite Power, at that. Mr. Spencer, therefore, feels himself justified in attributing to his Absolute not only *existence*, but *quality* or *potency*. But, as we have seen, he does not stop here. He goes further,—he speaks of the Absolute as Cause,—still another metaphysical category; and one about which, as we have observed, there has been endless controversy among philosophers. And now let us pause a moment, and ask ourselves what we mean by these metaphysical predicates which we have found Mr. Spencer using, and applying to the Absolute,—these predicates of *Being* and *Unity* and *Potency* and *Causality*. Whence do we derive the content which we put into these abstract terms, by which they become to us concrete and charged with meaning? Is it not from our own personal experience that we draw the content by which we fill out and vitalize these abstractions, so that they become real to our thought? I apprehend the meaning of the term "*existence*" be-

cause, and in so far as I myself exist. I understand what is meant by *power* for the very reason that I am conscious of myself as having exerted, or as exerting, or as being able to exert power by my will. I interpret to myself *power* in terms of volition, and not merely in terms of "muscular strain" or of the "objective correlate" of the latter.

Once more, I apprehend what is meant by *Causation* for the reason that I am conscious of myself as a cause. I am able through the intelligent and self-directed exercise of Will to produce certain intended and desired effects, and thereby to vindicate, both to myself and also to others my possession of this high prerogative of causality. In the words of Dr. Rashdall of Oxford: "It is this union of power with purpose which satisfies my idea of Causality. And such a union can be found only in a consciousness . . . In our experience of volition, and in that experience alone, we are conscious of actually exercising Causality. There alone we find a content for the bare abstract notion of 'Cause'."¹⁵

There is one step more in this line of thought. It is not, of course, a mathematico-physical, or, in the narrower sense of the word, a "scientific" proof; it is not claimed for it that it is a strict, deductive chain of reasoning. Rather is it an argument by way of analogy. The line of thought, then, as I shall endeavor to sum it up in a few words, is as follows: In my consciousness of myself as exercising Causality there is involved the knowledge of myself as a person. For it is precisely in these facts of Consciousness which we have noted,—the facts, namely, of self-conscious being and self-directed activity,—that personality is involved. As we have just seen, it is only as I take my stand upon the basis of consciousness that I find myself in a position and at a point of view from which I can at all apprehend the meaning of Causality. And Causality, as so understood, involves and means, personality. If this be true, then is it unreasonable for me to add to those other predicates which Mr. Spencer attaches to the Absolute this predicate of Personality? Does not the scope and drift of the argument, indeed,

¹⁵ See his Essay on "The Ultimate Basis of Theism," in *Contentio Veritatis*, pp. 30, 31.

lead us to conclude, with Mr. Spencer's philosophical mentor, Dean Mansel, that "it is our duty to think of God as personal, while it is our duty to believe that He is Infinite?" The true outcome of our scientific and philosophical, as well as of our religious thinking is in *Theism*;—in the doctrine not only of the Absolute as the Ultimate Power and Cause, but in the Personal God, who is the Creator and Upholder of all things.

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SWINBURNE'S POETIC THEORIES AND PRACTICE

The essential principles of poetry, as laid down by Mr. Swinburne, are briefly: "... imagination and harmony the primary elements of poetry"; "... "it requires a perceptible but indefinable charm"; "... "poetry must do nothing that can be formulated, it must simply elude." In illustration of these chief ideas the following excerpt from "Atalanta in Calydon" possesses something of an "indefinable charm," and perhaps affords the best example, for present purposes at least, of the poet's definition:

Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

In Mr. Swinburne's essay, entitled "Whitmania," we are told, that "in poetry, perhaps above all the other arts, the method or treatment, the manner of touch, the tone of expression, is the first and last thing to be considered." This manner is certainly characteristic of Mr. Swinburne's method. He makes the element of rhythm the basis of his poetic art. As a result the element of thought becomes a secondary consideration. But it is true that the spirit of mysticism, in consequence of this seemingly illusive thought-element, makes for certain not well-defined poetic charms. The musical quality produces upon this condition an even more augmented effect.

The choice of theme, too, has much to do with the spirit of mysticism in Swinburne's poetry. Our poet finds much inspiration in those things of the Middle Ages, and even in classical lore, that lend themselves to poetic treatment. He seeks inspiration in the romantic myths and legends of the past. And not only is Mr. Swinburne's classicism noticeable in his choice of themes, but it appears even to a more marked degree in his adaptation of classical metres. His method, however, is purely one of imitation; and these imitations are "frankly accentual with no effort to introduce fixed quantities into English."¹ Mr.

¹ R. M. Alden: "English Verse: Specimens illustrating its principles and history," N. Y., 1903.

Swinburne, himself, says: "It is hard to realize and hopeless to reproduce the musical force of classic metres so recondite and exquisite as the choral parts of a Greek play. Even Milton could not; though with his godlike instinct and his godlike might of hand he made a kind of strange and enormous harmony by intermixture of assonance and rhyme with irregular blank verse."²

Upon his own translation of "The Birds" from Aristophanes, in seven stress anapestic, he adds a note that well indicates his conscious classic effort: "It was undertaken from a consideration of the fact that the marvelous metrical invention of the anapestic heptameter was almost exactly reproducible in a language to which all variations and combinations of anapestic, iambic, or trochaic metre are as natural and pliable as all dactylic and spondaic forms of verse are unnatural and abhorrent."³

Under the influence of this classic spirit, Mr. Swinburne has practiced and introduced many foreign metres. Especially does he indulge in the practice of artificial French lyrical forms. He has reintroduced, according to Mr. Alden, the old word-form "roundel," for example, in order to distinguish this style of rondeau, of his own devising, containing nine long lines, and rhyming *a b a, b a b, a b a*, the refrain rhyming also with the *b* lines.

Mr. Swinburne, in criticising the verse of any poet, demands first of all—metre. Here and there one runs across a terse opinion upon this or that poet's anapests or his hexameters. He criticises very severely Ben Jonson's anapests: he does not care one whit for hexameters. In "Whitmania," Walt Whitman is rebuked for want of metre. Mr. Swinburne says, "... but metre, rhythm, cadence, not merely appreciable but definable and reducible to rule and measurement . . . we demand from all who claim, we discern in the works of all who have achieved, any place among poets of any class whatsoever." Mr. Swinburne furthermore tells us that Whitman had no palinode to chant, no recantation to intone. From all this evidence it is conclusive that Mr. Swinburne's tenets of poetic composition are

² "Essays and Studies," pp. 162-63.

³ Alden, p. 45.

chiefly concerned with the structure of and expression in the verse.

An examination of the verse of Mr. Swinburne's poems reveals a poetic strength which is sustained in the many varieties. One could spend much time, and spend it indeed with profit, upon the mere stanzaic form of the shorter poems. These stanzas are quite varied in their structures. The rhyme scheme and the metre are in many instances rather intricate. It may be a question, in some cases, whether they are symbolic of the thought and feelings embodied in the poem. In this selection from the "chorus" in "Atalanta in Calydon," the last verse is suggestive, at least, of the use of the last verse in the Spenserian stanza :

In the ears of the world
It is sung, it is told,
And the light thereof hurled
And the noise thereof rolled
From the Acroceraunian snow to the ford of the fleece of gold.

The opposite effect impresses itself upon the reader in the following selection, entitled "A Leave-Taking," in which the final verse is but half the length of the foregoing verses in the stanza :

Let us go hence, my songs ; she will not hear ;
Let us go hence together without fear.
Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,
And over all old things and all things dear,
She loves not you nor me as all we love her :
Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,
She would not hear.

The effect produced by the abrupt changes in the length of lines in these stanzas is best felt by reading the poems aloud. Much depends upon the reader's mood and disposition also to appreciate the sentiment that inspired Mr. Swinburne when composing these verses. On the other hand it is well to bear in mind that many of the longer lines in Mr. Swinburne's stanzas are clearly inorganic, so that it would therefore hardly be wise to make too much of this matter of the poet's consciousness in having the stanzaic form convey the idea.

One is inclined to suspect that Mr. Swinburne's stanzaic structures are largely the result of exercises, pure and simple.

Some poets do indulge in artificial and involved phrases and expressions. This is certainly the case with Mr. Swinburne. His disposition seems to warrant this fact. Notice the many varieties of structure in any collection of his poems. Here are a few examples taken at random :

| | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| "August" | <i>a a b b b a</i> | —4 stress throughout. |
| "The Sundew" | <i>a b b a b</i> | —4 stress throughout. |
| "The Garden of Proserpine" | <i>a b a b c c c b</i> | —3 stress throughout. |
| "A Song in Time of Order" | <i>a b a b</i> | —3 stress throughout. |
| "A Song in Time of Revolution" | <i>a a</i> | —6 stress (not organic). |
| "In a Garden" | <i>a3 b2 b3 a5</i> | |
| "A Ryme" | <i>aba3 b2</i> | |
| "To Victor Hugo" | <i>aa3 b5 cc3 b5 c4 c5</i> | |
| "A Christmas Carol" | <i>a4 b3 a4 bcc3</i> | |
| "Madonna Mia" | <i>aaa3 b2 ccc3 b2</i> | |
| "Love at Sea" | <i>a3 b2 a3 b2 aaa3 b2</i> | |

In an examination of the poems of Mr. Swinburne it will be found that comparatively few of the long lines are organic. There seems to be no apparent reason for expressing the following two thoughts in one long line :

Calls loud on his brother for witness; his hands that were laden with blossom are sprinkled with snow."— *From "March."*

or similarly in this long line :

It was well with our fathers; their sound was in all men's lands.— *From "Mater Dolorosa."*

Indeed, there are examples among Mr. Swinburne's poems, of the organic long line, but they are not many. Here is an instance :

She is gray with the dust of time on his manifold ways,
Where her faint feet stumble and falter through yearlong days.

But notice the repetition of the sense in the second verse—"stumble and falter." It is evidently not an easy task to write a purely organic long verse in poetry.

The favorite metre with Mr. Swinburne is the iambic. Of thirty-three poems examined, twenty-one were found to be in iambic meter, eight in anapestic, three in trochaic, and but one in dactylic. The iambic and anapestic are interwoven quite frequently. The longer lines are mostly anapestic.

In the matter of stresses, of twenty-nine poems examined,

twelve (including the dramas) were of five-stress verse ; six of four-stress ; six of three-stress ; two of two-stress ; two of seven-stress ; and one of eight-stress.

The rhythmical accent is the prevailing one in the poems. This results from Mr. Swinburne's habit, perhaps unconscious as it seems to be, to be overcome by the music of his verse. The sense of many lines suffers as a consequence, since the thought is overshadowed. Regular rhythm is so characteristic of the dramas, for example, that the musical quality of the verse would be marred were the rhetorical and word accent forced in. Probably the best way to enjoy the full sense and appreciation of the dramas, would be to read them first for the meaning, and then again for the musical effect.

There is one peculiarity of the verse structure of the dramas which is noteworthy. There appears to be a superabundance of monosyllabic words, comparatively few disyllabic, and very few polysyllabic. This phenomenon seems to indicate a conscious effort on the part of Mr. Swinburne in selecting monosyllabic words, as far as possible, for musical effect. The result is pleasing. The flow of the rhythm and the sharpness of accent is much more definite and attractive, than if no choice were made in selecting words. In twenty-two lines of "Bothwell" only ten words of more than one syllable were found, and not one of these contained more than two syllables ; and not more than one was found in the lines containing them. In twenty-eight lines of "Atalanta in Calydon" thirteen lines were found containing each one disyllabic word ; five containing two dissyllabic words ; two containing three dissyllabic words ; four containing each one tri-syllabic word ; and one containing a word of four syllables. An interesting paper could be written upon Mr. Swinburne's choice of words, as to their classic or Anglo-Saxon origin.

It is somewhat strange that a poet of such precise methods in verse structure should indulge in the freedom of run-on lines. Perhaps this freedom is one of the essentials of Mr. Swinburne's art. Nevertheless he does indulge in it quite often. A comparative list of percentages might give one a fair idea of the extent to which the poet indulges in this practice :

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Seven in twenty-eight lines, | 25% |
| Seven in twenty-eight lines, | 25% |
| Five in twenty-eight lines, | 18% |
| Nine in thirty lines, | 30% |
| Eight in sixty lines, | 13% |
| Average, | 22% |

These figures are taken from lines in the dramas, and the percentages are merely approximate.

It is well-known what a master Mr. Swinburne is of the art of "onomatopœia." Numerous examples of this are to be found in the poems. Notice the tone-color in these verses from "Winter in Northumberland":

Till, as with clamor
Of axe and hammer,
Chained streams that stammer and struggle in straits,
Burst bonds that shiver,
And thaws deliver
The roaring river in stormy spates.

The use of alliteration is at once apparent in these lines.

Mr. Swinburne appears to be very fond of feminine rhymes. It is noticeable that many of the rhyming words end either in the syllable "er" or "ing." See, for example, the poem entitled "The Garden of Proserpine":

I watch the green field *growing*
For reaping folk and *sowing*,
For harvest time and *mowing* . . .

In this particular poem the feminine endings in the successive stanzas are upon such syllables, *ers*, *es*, *ed*, *low*, *en* and *ful*.

In the poem entitled "Before Dawn" the same characteristic is noticeable; but in this poem there are six feminine rhymes in each stanza, as for example:

Ah! one thing worth beginning,
One thread in life worth spinning,
Ah, sweet, one sin worth sinning
With all the whole soul's will;
To lull you till one stilled you,
To kiss you till one killed you,
To feed you till one filled you,
Sweet lips, if love could fill.

The use of masculine ending here is quite forcible and reveals the measured time of music in verse.

The appreciation of Mr. Swinburne's poetry is far and wide, but he is chiefly noted as a metrist. The variety of his metres and stanzas indicates a thorough mastery of his art. The tone-quality of his verse affords ample fields for delightful study. Alliteration and assonance make his poems attractive. The strength and force of his vocabulary signify a conscious effort in the choice of proper poetic diction, agreeing of course with his theories upon the subject of poetic diction. In the adaptation of metrical form to sentiment, also, one appreciates many of the shorter poems. For all these things one can honestly admire our poet. They are his strong points, and he excels in them.

Upon consideration, however, it will be found that Mr. Swinburne does not fulfill all the conditions necessary to become a poet of the highest rank. There are very few expressions and truths uttered by the poet that have become famous. One does not remember his poems by the thought expressed in them, simply because it is too often overshadowed by the rhythmical element. Furthermore, there is a decided lack of concentration in the poems of Mr. Swinburne. Many lines are repeated in part and amplified, for, apparently, no other reason than for the sake of metre. As a consequence you will find long lines in some of the poems, but they are inorganic in most cases. And certainly it is no art to write an inorganic long line of verse.

As the sunshine quenches the snowshine; as April subdues thee, and yields
up his kingdom to May; . . .—*From "March."*

Here is an example of an eight-stress line, with a repetition of the sense in the second half. There is here a "tumultuous swell of words not in proportion to the amount of meaning to be evolved out of it." Poetry demands thought as well as rhythm; but Mr. Swinburne seems to be almost entirely outside of the realms of thought. His alliteration and assonance, for example, are overworked; and sometimes they are secured only at some expense of clearness.

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THE INFLUENCE OF FERGUSSON ON BURNS

After reading several accounts of the life and writings of Robert Fergusson, both early and recent, I set to work upon a masterly introduction in which I intended to inform the reader that, some exaggeration of expression discounted, Robert Burns would not have been the great poet that he actually became, if Robert Fergusson had not lived, wrought and died before him. I then turned to the various biographers and critics of the later poet—Lockhart, Carlyle, Wilson, Chambers, (as revised by Wallace), Shairp, Blackie, Setoun in the Famous Scots Series, and Henley in the Centenary Burns,—these do not exhaust the list—and I found that compared to the total amount of space, scarcely one per cent. was devoted to Fergusson's relations to Burns. In other words, these experienced critics had not considered their relations important enough to justify longer treatment.

This discovery took some of the life out of my intended introduction, and I determined before using it, to find out which party was correct—the critics of Fergusson or those of Burns. I read Burns's prose works; I read his poetry. And the conclusion which I reached led me to destroy my original introduction. This is to say in plain prose that Fergusson's influence was not "a prime influence," although the late Mr. Henley seems to have thought it was. Oddly enough, he contradicts his own statement by relegating his declaration to a footnote in his essay in which not more than half a page of text is given to Fergusson.¹

So much by way of preliminary. The present essay is an attempt, not to discover whether Burns was influenced to a greater or lesser degree by the Edinburgh poet, but to ascertain just what that influence was, and in what it manifested itself.

I

The correspondence of Burns, his first Commonplace book, the Kilmarnock preface, and five of his poems, contain references to Fergusson, sufficient for us to establish Burns's opinion

¹ Centenary Burns, vol. iv; p. 261-2, note.

of his predecessor. In the autobiographical letter to Doctor Moore, (letter lviii in the Globe Edition of Burns), occurs that well-known passage in which the poet declares that "rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with Fergusson's Scottish Poems I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigour." The first Commonplace book tells of Burns being pleased with "the excellent Ramsay and the still more excellent Fergusson." The revised Chambers (vol. ii, p. 58) quotes the letter to the Canongate Bailies, in which Burns asked and obtained from these magistrates, permission to erect a tombstone at his own expense, over the grave of Fergusson. The letter describes the latter as "the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents for ages to come will do honor to our Caledonian name." Another letter (letter lxvii) speaks of Ramsay and "poor Bob Fergusson." In yet another (letter cccxxi), written a few months before his death, Burns in his misery quotes a couplet from Fergusson's paraphrase of the third chapter of Job, doubtless from memory as it is somewhat inaccurate. And finally letter clxxxvii, addressed to Peter Stuart, editor at the time of a London periodical, *The Star*, contains a high sounding though sincere apostrophe to the earlier poet: "Poor Fergusson! If there be a life beyond the grave which I trust there is; and if there be a good God presiding over nature, which I am sure there is; thou art now enjoying existence in a glorious world, where worth of the heart alone is distinction in the man; where riches, deprived of all their pleasure-purchasing powers, return to their native sordid matter; where titles and honors are the disregarded reveries of an idle dream; and where that heavy virtue, which is the negative consequence of steady dullness, and those thoughtless, though often destructive, follies which are the unavoidable aberrations of frail human nature, will be thrown into equal oblivion, as if they had never been!"

The conclusions which are to be drawn from these references extending in time over a period of fourteen years, only ending with the poet's death, are two: first, we observe that the later poet always preserved a kindly feeling toward his ill-fated predecessor who indeed he felt in many ways to resemble himself;

and second, Burns's meeting with Fergusson's poems in 1782 acted as an inspiration, and led him to take up once more his almost discontinued rhyming.

If we turn to the five poems in which mention is made of Fergusson's character or genius, we find the same thing to hold true. In the "Epistle to John Lapraik," among several other poets, Fergusson is characterized as the "bauld an' slee." In another, "To William Simpson of Ochiltree," the poet is thrice referred to. In stanza three he is mentioned immediately after Ramsay and Hamilton of Gilbertfield, as

. . . the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

The next stanza is entirely Fergusson's and is chiefly occupied with cursing the "E'nbrugh gentry" for leaving the poet, as he erroneously supposed, to starve,

The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!

and in stanza eight we again hear of "Ramsay an' famous Fergusson."

In addition to these there are three poems which have the Edinburgh poet for their theme. One, entitled by the Centenary editors "Apostrophe to Fergusson" and which was written under a portrait of the latter in a copy of his poems, laments the poet in unrhymed verse :

O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muse,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate! etc.

The second, "Lines on Fergusson," is another apostrophe :

Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!
What heart that feels, and will not yield a tear
To think Life's sun did set, e'er well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career! etc.

The third is the well known epitaph on Fergusson's grave-stone :

No sculptur'd Marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied Urn nor animated Bust;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

The poet later added two other stanzas in the same strain.

These poems only reinforce the conclusions I have already stated in connection with the letters and the *Commonplace book*, namely, that "the volume of Fergusson first fired him with the definite ambition of being himself a poet"² and that he, on every occasion manifested for his unfortunate predecessor a real admiration and sympathy.

II

We have now to consider another statement of Burns, a statement which in the weighing and examining, will occupy our attention for the rest of this essay. In the *Kilmarnock* preface, Burns tells us that both Ramsay³ and Fergusson have been "often in his eye; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation." In other words, to what degree does Burns "kindle at their flame," or rather Fergusson's flame, and in how far is Burns a servile imitator?

Except in one instance, we cannot assert positively that Burns borrowed his measures from Fergusson more than from the other Scottish poets. This one exception is the stanza of "Holy Fair," "The Dream," "Halloween," and "The Ordination," and consists of a double quatrain plus a rider (*a b a b c d c d e*). The poet's favorite six-line stave (*a a a b a b*), exemplified in the "Mountain Daisy," has been traced back to Chaucer's time and before;⁴ upon its revival by Sir Robert Semphill of Beltrees, it was employed by Ramsay, Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and others besides Fergusson. Burns may have taken it from any of these poets. Further his use of the octasyllabic and heroic couplets was sanctioned as well by the example of Ramsay⁵ as by that of

² John Nichol, "Robert Burns" 1896; p. 34.

³ Ramsay lies outside our present discussion, but I have mentioned him and others whenever Burns himself has mentioned them in company with Fergusson, in order to indicate that the latter was not the only author in his thoughts. Indeed, if the "favorite author" argument can be said to count for anything, Fergusson at once loses ground. In letter cccxv (*Globe Edition of Burns*), we learn that his "favorite author" (prose writer) is MacKenzie; and among poets Goldsmith occupies the warmest place. (Letter ccix.)

⁴ Centenary Burns, ii; 341-2, "Lines on Meeting with Lord Daer."

⁵ It is important to note that Burns was acquainted with Ramsay's works many years before he happened upon Fergusson's poems, (letter lviii to Dr. Moore). This fact has been neglected by the critics. A glance at the

Fergusson. And finally, it should be remembered that the fascinating measure of many of Burns's best pieces (see the opening stanza of the "Jolly Beggars" for illustration) is not in Fergusson at all.

In the matter of poetic form, it is again impossible to dogmatically stamp this or that poem as Fergussonian and nothing else. Fergusson did write epistles, elegies and pastorals. But he borrowed these forms from men with whom Burns also was acquainted—from Ramsay and Hamilton of Gilbertfield. And it only adds to the force of our argument to learn from Burns himself (in his autobiographic letter) that one of his early books was Ramsay. It is probable, however, that Fergusson's dialogue poems, like "Planestanes and Causey" and the "Kirkyard Eclogue," did suggest the form of several of Burns's pieces—notably "The Twa Dogs" and "The Brigs of Ayr."

As far as the formal side of poetry is concerned then, we are fairly justified in refusing to admit Fergusson as a really important influence. Only two things can be definitely said to have been taken from his poetry—the dialogue form (something a poet of any merit could have discovered for himself) and the stanza of "Holy Fair."

III

We must seek for Burns's borrowings in the subjects and ideas of his poems. Here, the partisans of Fergusson have more facts to support their claims. And yet, even here the actual borrowings do not amount to much more than two or three instances.

Every critic and editor of Burns has seen some resemblances between "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "The Farmer's Ingle." The extent of these resemblances is accurately set forth in an oft-quoted passage of the poet's brother Gilbert.⁶ It consists of "the hint of the plan and title of the poem." The

notes to the Centenary Edition indicates that Ramsay *was* an influence, possibly a greater than Fergusson. Another fact of importance, too seldom insisted upon, is the influence of the folk poetry and songs. I think Mr. Andrew Lang is right in saying that the tales and songs that Burns heard during his early years (see Burns's letter to Dr. Moore) made a deep impression upon a large portion of his poetry.

⁶ Burns's Works, ed. Peterkin, 1815. iii, 444.

similarity of the poems in title and theme is plain to all and needs no comment. In addition to these there are similarities (of the most general sort, however), in four places: stanza one of Fergusson and stanza two of Burns, both introductory, portray the same aspect of Nature. Stanza nine in Fergusson and the latter half of stanza five in Burns are somewhat related in that both deal with the same subject—the partial parents eying their childrens' "hopeful years." The third general resemblance occurs in the stanza describing the incidents of the supper. Lastly there is a resemblance between the closing stanza in the "Farmer's Ingle" (to which should be added stanza five) and the final three stanzas in the "Saturday Night"—both pieces concluding in a patriotic strain. My estimate is a generous one, for a severe critic may well deny that the similarities cited are similarities at all, and can argue that they owe their resemblances principally to the sameness in the theme.

Those scenes in Burns's poem which are totally absent from Fergusson's, occur in stanza three where the "wee things" are watching for their father; in stanza four which describes the return of the elder boys and their sister Jenny; in the first half of the next stanza which tells of their happy greetings; the whole of stanza six containing the parents' admonitions; the love episode (seven to ten inclusive); and the religious scenes (stanzas twelve through eighteen). Arithmetically computed, fully two-thirds of the poem is pure Burns. Add to this two other facts: first, that Fergusson's piece is in unalloyed Scotch, while twelve out of twenty-one stanzas in "The Cotter" are in English; and second, that Burns employs the true Spenserian stanza while Fergusson uses a false,¹—when we add these facts to the other, we must again declare that Burns owes relatively little to his predecessor. At most, we can only say that "The Cotter's Saturday Night" *recalls* "The Farmer's Ingle."

Though the titles scarcely differ and the stanza is the same, there is very little similarity between Fergusson's "Hallow-Fair"

¹ Fergusson's stanza is false in two respects. His rhyme scheme is *a b a b c d c d d*: and the ninth line is not of the same length throughout; in three stanzas we have the Alexandrine, (iv, vii, xiii), in one the decasyllabic catalectic, (x), and the rest are decasyllabic.

and Burns's "Holy Fair." The latter has much closer relations, as most editors have pointed out, with Fergusson's "Leith Races." Besides a similarity in the stanza, there is a similarity in the introductory lines of both poems. Fergusson presents the narrator to a personified being called Mirth. Burns has three "hizzies" one of which is Fun. After their introduction and the bargain is made to accompany the merry personages to the festival the poets speak no more of them. The opening quatrains in each of the poems bear so striking a resemblance that I give them here.⁸ Fergusson's reads :

In July month, ae bonny morn,
Whan Nature's rokely green
Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn
To charm our roving een ;

Burns's :

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walk'd forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.

Burns's obligations to "Leith Races" extend no farther than the introductory stanzas. After the fifth of "Leith Races" and the sixth of "Holy Fair," the poets go their own ways. Except in one or two isolated passages to be mentioned further on, this poem represents the closest Burns ever came to actual appropriation of the earlier poet's work, and even in this instance the plagiarism is not a slavish reproduction.

A small group of elegies, three in number, have been identified with two of Fergusson's — one on the "Death of Mr. David Gregory" and the other "On the Death of Scots Music." Both of these were modelled upon Semphill's "Elegy on Habbie Simson",⁹ with which Burns also was familiar. The "Death of Scots Music" may have been in Burns's mind when he wrote

⁸ Compare also, the second half of Fergusson's stanza i with Burns's stanzas ii and iii; stanza iii of Fergusson with the first half of stanza iv in Burns; stanzas ii and iv in Fergusson with the second half of stanza iv and stanza v in Burns; and stanza v of Fergusson with stanza vi in Burns.

⁹ Henderson, "A Little Book of Scottish Verse," p. 148.

his "Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson." In both the stave is the same, both are governed by a similar mood, and both call upon all things to mourn. This is all that can be said.

But for a slight similarity between Burns's opening stanza and the opening stanza of Fergusson, it would have been possible to have selected at random either "Habbie Simson" or "Gregory," as the model of Burns's "Poor Mailie's Elegy." It resembles both in stave and rider (" . . . dead").

In "Tam Samson's Elegy" also, the stave and rider (" . . . dead") are similar to those in the pieces by Semphill and Fergusson. But the weight of other evidence is decidedly in favor of Semphill. First, the surnames "Simson" and "Samson" are much alike. And second, in three separate instances the lines in Burns are taken bodily from the seventeenth century poet; while in a fourth, there is a substitution of only one unimportant word ("yet" for "but")¹⁰. Fergusson is never thus reproduced not even where there can be no doubt that he is the model.

Many critics have remarked a similarity between Fergusson's "Leith Races" and "Hallow Fair," and Burns's "Halloween." Except in stanza and perhaps in title, I see none. The same thing applies to "Caller Water" and "Scotch Drink"; and the Centenary Editors notwithstanding, still less do I read in the latter poem a parody on the former.

"The Brigs of Ayr" recalls "Ghaists." The metre is the same, the speakers are spirits, both have the dialogue form, and both begin with a nature description. Here and there, there is a faint suggestion of "Planestanes and Causey," but nothing definite.

We know from Burns's own words¹¹ that when he wrote his "Lea-Rig," he was aware of a song having the same stanza and title by Fergusson. Both were taken from one source — Herd's Collection of "Ancient and Modern Songs." Burns, however, took nothing from Fergusson.

There remain for mention a few parallel passages. Several

¹⁰ Compare the fourth lines in stanzas iii, v, vii and xv of Burns with the fourth lines in stanzas i, iii, v, and xii of Semphill.

¹¹ Centenary Burns, vol. iii; page 297.

have been discovered by Dr. Grosart in his biography of Fergusson in the Famous Scots Series. Many of them, however, are not parallels at all, and exhibit nothing more than the author's determination to support at any cost the difficult proposition that Fergusson's "metrical forms became Burns's metrical forms; his rhymes and rhythms became Burns's rhymes and rhythms . . . His vocabulary and phrases and felicitous lines largely became Burns's, and superseded his own Ayrshire dialectal words. His finest observations of nature and human nature, his most ebullient humor, his rarest insight into character, his sudden darts of emotion, now of wrath and now of ruth, perpetually reflect Fergusson."¹²

Those parallels which from similarities of phraseology, seem to me probable appropriations are as follows :

These lines from "Caller Water":

When father Adie first pat spade in
The bonny yeard of ancient Eden;

were used by Burns in his "Address to the Deil,"—

Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard;

Fergusson's "Election" has this :

For two months twa their saul is lent
For the town's gude indentit.

And Burns's "Twa Dogs" this :

For Britain's guid his saul indentin.

Fergusson's "Elegy on John Hogg" opens thus :

Death, what's ado? the de'il belicket,
Or wi' your stang you ne'er had pricket,
Or our auld Alma Mater tricket
O' poor John Hogg.
And trail'd him ben thro' your mark wicket
As dead's a log.

Burns closely parallels this in thought as well as phrasing in his lines to Collector Mitchell :

¹² Robert Fergusson by A. B. Grosart, p. 140.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
 And by fell Death was nearly nicket :
 Grim loon ! he got me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;
 But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
 And turn'd a neuk.

Finally, this line from "The Ghaists":

Cauld blaws the nippin north wi' angry sough,
 undoubtedly suggested

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh,
 in the "Cotter's Saturday Night."

IV

What conclusion is to be drawn? Fergusson gives Burns one stanza, and one poetic form, (if the dialogue be so considered). He makes the subject of three pieces, and is mentioned in two others. He is strongly felt in but two poems, and in less than half a dozen isolated passages; in two he is visible but not strong; and in five others he is barely perceptible. Let the intangible fact called inspiration be added, and we have estimated the amount of Burns's debt to his predecessor.

To balance that which indeed needs no balancing, examine the contents of the Kilmarnock volume with its Edinburgh additions and posthumous pieces; glance at the songs which in bulk amount to at least one-third of the poet's entire work. Then recall the poetical influences of his early years—the folk songs, tales and ballads that made so deep an impression upon his boyhood—"cultivated the latent seeds of poetry" are his own words; recall that in his youth he read Ramsay, and that a collection of English songs was his *vade mecum* (to use his own phrase once more); and finally, remembering that Fergusson was not read until the poet's twenty-third year, and then only put in motion what was waiting to be moved—when these facts are taken into consideration, the conclusion must inevitably be that Fergusson exerted no powerful influence upon his great successor.

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THE LIFE AND WORK OF MRS. ALISON COCKBURN

The decision to make a study of the life and work of a woman who has left so small a body of literature to mark her passing as has Mrs. Cockburn, may demand a word of explanation. For two reasons it has seemed fitting that she should receive more specific attention than has yet been devoted to her. First: Mrs. Cockburn has written two or three lyrics and ballads, such as the "Flowers of the Forest" and "Nancy's to the Assembly Gone," which are of so much merit that few collections of Scottish poetry are without them, and few students of Scottish literature have failed to love them; but so modest was their author, so inconspicuous her personality, that she herself is seldom associated with her songs. In justice, then, to a writer of merit, and in order to give added interest to her songs by the introduction of her lovable self, we have made this study. Second: It is not the most famous men and women of any age that represent it most truly. Rather in the keenly appreciative, intelligent, unobtrusive man or woman of the time do we see the reflection of actual, undistorted conditions. It is such a light that Mrs. Cockburn throws on the many years of the eighteenth century through which she lived, and we may study her as an excellent type of her age.

What scant material is available for a sketch of her life, is to be found principally in her own voluminous correspondence, part of which has been published in the "Songstresses of Scotland," to which we are much indebted; in a letter from her grand-nephew, Mark Pringle, to the Shakespearean commentator, George Chalmers; and in chance references in the correspondence or reminiscences of Scott, Burns, and the Lindsay family.

In 1712, when Alison Rutherford was born in the mansion house of Robert Rutherford of Fairnalee, on the banks of the Tweed, in Selkirkshire, peace and quiet and simple home life had taken the place of the earlier skirmishes and forays in this "debatable" land. Gradually, as they were freed from fear of war and siege, the women, too, were changing—were growing into a broader and more active life, away from their early tasks of spinning and cooking, to assume positions of prominence in the social life of the countryside, knitting their feud cursed coun-

try into a sweeter and gentler harmony than it had known before. There were dinners and balls and fascinating shopping excursions to the towns; there were formal visits to neighboring country houses; and, above all, there was a generally increasing interest in affairs and books. The question of woman's education was no longer one of mere housewifery. The daughters were still taught at home, to be sure, but by their brother's tutor, or their father's chaplain. They read much of French and Italian, a little Latin, sometimes, and well they knew and dearly they loved their English poets — Milton and Shakespeare, Pope and Prior and Addison.

In such an atmosphere Alison Rutherford grew up. She was the daughter of a border laird, whose house counted among its connections the mother of Sir Walter Scott, and representatives of which are still to be found in Selkirkshire. We may imagine her as a radiantly healthy, happy little girl, whose greatest excitement was to tumble into the Tweed on a hot summer day, and whose greatest pride was in being allowed to clip the blind old gardener's white beard, every Saturday. A little later, she remembers "turning pale and red with the ambition for applause," at LaMothe's dancing school. Her early training seems to have been received entirely at home, and to have consisted of a wise guidance which left her free to develop her own aptitudes.

She is said to have been an unusually beautiful girl, tall and well formed, with clean cut features and expressive face, crowned with sunny, gold-glintoned auburn hair which lost none of its lustre in the eighty-four years of her life. The only portrait of her now in existence is one painted by Ann Forbes, when Mrs. Cockburn was nearly fifty years old, which has been reproduced in Mr. Graham's "Scottish Men of Letters." This shows a face frank, alert, interesting, but hardly beautiful. In one of her letters she bears witness to her youthful beauty. "I was a prude," she writes, "when I was young, and remarkably grave; it was owing to a consciousness that I could not pass unobserved."

Remarkably grave she may have been,—part of the time. But other letters hint at madcap pranks, and merry country gatherings where she fell into a natural leadership. They sug-

gest, too, a happy companionship with her brother, the future lord; but statements as to her family are few. On the other hand, her correspondence is full of allusions to John Aikman, a youthful lover, who died about the time she was married, and to whom, through her long life, she kept a faithful and loving allegiance. At the age of sixty, she sends the Aikman correspondence to her good friend, Mr. Chalmers, with this letter: "I remembered my promise to you, and in doing so, remembered with some satisfaction that I never broke a promise in all my long life. No doubt you would think yourself greatly obliged to me, if, in my will, I bequeathed to you some hundreds of the King's image in gold or paper. How much more are you obliged to me for sending you the soul of a man, superior to all kings for real worth and native humor! John Aikman's affection, tenderness, and sympathy for me surpassed the love of woman." He was the son of Aikman the portrait painter, (1687-1731), who is better known as the friend of Allan Ramsay, Thomson, and Pope. Father and son died within a month of each other, and a few weeks after the marriage of Alison Rutherford to Mr. Patrick Cockburn, in 1731. The letters give no suggestion as to why the engagement with Aikman was broken off. Frank as they seem, there is much of reserve in them, and they leave untouched her deeper feelings.

The incident might well have cast a gloom over the young bride's life; but she seems uniformly cheery and affectionate in her new rôle. She married, as has been said, a Mr. Patrick Cockburn, (a name which she invariably spelled Cokburne) who had been called to the Scottish bar, and who became known as a prominent lawyer. Entirely without regret she writes, "I was married, properly speaking, to a man of seventy-five—my father-in-law. I lived with him four years, and as the ambition seized me to make him fond of me, knowing, also, that nothing could please his son so much, I bestowed all my time and study to gain his approbation. He disapproved of plays and assemblies. I never went to one." But after her father-in-law's death, her life became much more gay, and for many years she was a leader of Edinburgh society. Scott speaks of her as helping to direct and mould the social life of aristocratic Edinburgh, and

as having a talent for conversation which was unlike anything English and came very near to that of a polished Frenchwoman. M. Freebairn, a French traveller, describes her as one of the most beautiful women of Edinburgh.

It was during this period of her life that she made the acquaintance of many people destined to become more famous than herself. "Although neither of splendid birth nor affluent fortune," writes her nephew, "her company was courted by persons the most distinguished." Among them was Hume, to whom some of her most interesting correspondence was directed. In a characteristic vein of gentle satire she writes to him: "I really believe Nature, in forming you, (for ye know God did make you) took just such proportions of matter and just such a mixture of passions and aptitudes as served the purpose of one another; and all this you impute to reason, who has nothing to do in the matter." Through him she met Rousseau, in whom she took great interest, imagining him to be very like the John Aikman of her earlier days. In another letter to Hume she writes; "Though I declare before God and man that I am a Christian, (in faith only, I mean, for in practice far short) yet I do forgive you all your sins of omission; only, indeed, because you have taken care of my Rousseau. You are tolerably good at drawing characters, and I am so proud of finding the author who alone had the key of my heart, *resemble my heart*, that I am certain you for once drew from the life. In every article I am him, except peevishness, which, God willing, men oppressing and time serving may bring about." Burns, too, she had met, and Boswell, and crusty Dr. Johnson. Burke she never knew, although she admired him sincerely. As an old lady of eighty she wrote:

"What are the natural rights of man?
To oppress the weak, take all they can.
What are the natural rights of woman?
If she does not like her spouse, to take another man.
From natural rights, from liberty,
Good Lord, deliver me, Amen!

I am quite in love with Burke. Who would have thought it? My mind agrees in every sentiment he utters. Such a book has not appeared in a century."

A cousin of Mrs. Scott's, she was an occasional visitor at the Scott home, and knew the genial Sir Walter as a lovable little boy of six years. Lockhart quotes a letter giving an account of one such visit, in 1777. It reads :

"Edinburgh, Saturday night, 15th of the gloomy month when the people of England hang and drown themselves. . . . I last night supped in Mr. Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on. It was a description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. . . . After his agitation he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he, 'I better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. . . . When taken to bed that night he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why Mrs. Cockburn, for I think she is a virtuoso like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says Aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why it's one that wishes and will know everything.'"

Nor did Scott lose his admiration for Mrs. Cockburn. Shortly after her death he speaks of her as "a lady whose memory will long be honored by all who knew her." And again, "Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration." James Grant Wilson in his "*Poets and Poetry of Scotland*," quotes the following lines from Mrs. Cockburn to Sir Walter on seeing one of his earlier poems :

If such the accents of thy early youth
When playful fancy holds the place of truth,
If so divinely sweet the numbers flow
And thy young heart melts with such tender woe,
What praise, what admiration shall be thine,
When sense mature with science shall combine
To raise thy genius and thy taste refine!

Another friend of Mrs. Cockburn's was Lady Balcarres, mother of Lady Anne Barnard. In her contributions to "*The Lives of the Lindsays*," Lady Anne writes: "Mrs. Cockburn, an intimate friend of Lady Balcarres, who had goodness, genius, and Utopi-

anism and a decided passion for making matches." And again, "Her mind was so gay and enthusiastic and ardent, her visions were forever decked with such powers of fancy and such infinite goodness of heart, her manners to young people were so conciliatory and her tenets so mild, though plentifully Utopian, that she was an invaluable friend."

Her love of match-making is an amiable trait to which her letters as well as her friends bear witness. We find many such passages as the following: "There should be some lads for the lasses, too. . . . Get men, my Brownie, with all your getting, get men!" Or, "I'm clean for burning Sir Charles Grandison by the hands of the hangman. The girls are all agog seeking an ideal man, and will have none of God's corrupted creatures." She even schemes to entangle her only son, Adam, and writes to Mr. Chalmers, "You ask me my commands. I order you bid Peggy Crawford court Adam Cockburn!"

But her hopes in her dearly loved son were doomed to disappointment; for in the strength of his manhood he died, leaving his mother alone,—in the midst of many and kind friends to be sure, but with no nearer kinship, for the husband had died seven years before. Gently and uncomplainingly she accepted this last sorrow as she had so many others, comforting herself with a religion that she had made a part of her life. To Lord Lindsay she writes: "Much have you to feel. Look on life early as a nursery where you are to be whipped into good order and perfect acquiescence with the Divine Will. . . . It is impossible that misery and sin and discord can be eternal." Of the sweetness and sincerity of her faith her letters give ample proof, and her unbounded optimism is the controlling force of her life, as she herself recognizes. "This faith which is sincerely mine makes me see things in a very different light from what others do, and perhaps is the key to my whole conduct; clean and unclean are welcome to me,—I know that with all the thousand errors the flesh is heir to, we will one day be all right."

Cheered by so confident a belief, and warmed by the glow of her sympathy for all with whom she came in contact, her life can hardly have been lonely. The letters of her later years include many witty invitations to informal dinners, teas, or social even-

ings. "Will you step in here tomorrow night?" — so she sends her summons — "There is a hen, veterans and philosophers."

Her cramped little home shared all the disadvantages of eighteenth century Edinburgh architecture. She suggests the discomfort. "I would as soon be the soul of an unburied sinner wandering about the River Styx, as live in these houses." Nevertheless, these same houses could be the scene of great enjoyment, and if there were not room enough for both guests and furniture, we are told that the furniture was piled up out of the way, and the guests sat on the floor. Her invitations, informal as they were, often suggest the added inducement of the supper to follow, a custom which we will appreciate more fully, perhaps, if we remember that it was no easy matter to procure delicacies from the Edinburgh markets, where fresh meat was so unusual as to be called by the town crier, and vegetables were none too plenty; and that drinking tea from egg shell cups with numbered spoons had still a little of the charm of novelty lingering about it. During the last years of her life she was confined to her house, often to her bed, by what she terms her "rheumatiz," often suffering much, but never losing her characteristic cheeriness and optimism. "We are assured from good authority," so she strengthens herself, "that chastisement is a proof of the love of our heavenly Parent. Who then, would not kiss the rod?" And in another letter — "Would I had the power to remove pain! No bodily evil is the soul's physick. Our Master knows best. I hope we will not need the grace of patience in the other world." A placid, painless end came at last, and with the passing of the century which she had reflected in her simple unassuming life, she, too, passed away, finding a last sheltered resting place in the Chapel-of-Ease grounds at Edinburgh.

Mrs. Cockburn's contributions to Scottish literature, superior as some of them were, were incidental rather than deliberate. Her nephew, Mark Pringle, writes of her in 1805: "She was not an author by profession, nor did she seek reputation in print, yet she wrote much for the amusement of herself and her friends both in prose and verse, and seldom failed to excite applause." We may consider her work under the double head of her letters, which are the only bits of prose left to us, and her verse.

As to the former, we need say little, for the selections already quoted will give a fair idea of them,—of their twinkling humor and kindly satire and wholesome love of life. Even her quaint lapses of grammar and spelling are enjoyable. "It is not my maxim but my nature to write what I think and never to think what I write," she says. Her letters have the unstudied charm of spontaneity and freedom, of unconsciousness and lack of self criticism. They have the charm of her character, and as Scott compared her drawing room influence to that of the famous French salons, so her nephew characterizes her letters. "In epistolary correspondence she possessed a peculiar neatness and spirit, and her letters approached nearer, perhaps, to the easy and animated style of the French ladies in former times, whose works we are acquainted with, than is often to be met with in our own language."

Her correspondence illustrates two traits of her character which are of interest in considering her poetry,—her love of nature and of music. It is to be remembered that she lived in an age of considerable artificiality and restraint, which she characterizes as a "desolate" age, "when hardly any one that dies escapes being hawked through the streets in ridiculous elegies." She represents the little group of people who were to make a first protest against binding conventions, and who were to lead the way back to nature, crowning the closing years of the century with a new love and joy which sprang from the constantly growing appreciation of the country and its charm. She helped to deepen the channel through which Allan Ramsay was to transmit his pastoral lyricism to the master spirit, sixty years later—sinning, loving Bobby Burns.

Mrs. Cockburn's love of nature may be suggested by a few passages from her letters. To Henrietta Cummings she writes: "I join with you in adoring nature." And to the same correspondent,— "The moon was eclipsed three or four hours ago. As if she rejoiced at getting out again, she shines with redoubled splendor; she shows the embosomed mountains that surround the spot, and the blue stream that runs circular around it. The half-naked oak is seen again in the small pond on whose brink it grows, and the tall shadows look like giants on the smooth

shaven green. Nature is all silent as the grave. Happy the mind that resembles the night,—clear, light, serene,—who can behold the midnight scene without feeling what I cannot describe? Good night." I submit that this little picture, like many another in her letters, shows a nature feeling that is very true and deep, as well as the power of artistic delineation.

Music is even more of a passion with her, explaining, perhaps, the sensitive grasp of rhythm which we find in her more pretentious poems. She tells of a visit from Colonel Reed: "And for his flute—it speaks all languages; but those sounds that come from the heart to the heart I never could have conceived it; it had a dying fall; (and this like many other passages shows her intimate reading of Shakespeare) I was afraid I could not bear it when I heard it perfectly."

To her poetical work we may now turn. The number of surviving verses is unfortunately small. Mark Pringle writes, even in 1805, that many are unaccountably mislaid and lost. This was probably due in a large measure to her own modesty about her work. We find very little reference to it in her letters, and nowhere have we any indication that she considered even her surpassingly beautiful lyric, "The Flowers of the Forest," as worthy of explanation or preservation. Of her methods of composition her nephew writes,— "Though not always perfectly correct in rules of composition or exact structure her poems had great merit, and she possessed a wonderful readiness and fluency, for 'the numbers came,' and she had the power of using them with uncommon rapidity."

Mrs. Cockburn was one of the first writers to come under the influence of Allan Ramsay, of whom she was an ardent admirer. In the last half of her life, too, the first collections of Scottish border ballads were being made, and we may be sure that, in the rapid multiplication of these editions, she did not fail to read many, for she was a voracious reader, as well as keenly alive to the movements of the day in her quaintly uncomfortable town of Edinburgh.

The greater part of her poetry now surviving falls under the head of occasional verses, toasts, epigrams, etc., and these have been incidentally preserved for their individual interest, no col-

lection having been made. Some of them are of some considerable acumen, and often, though not always, show a good appreciation of form. One of them has become interesting through its misapplication. It is the group of verses quoted by Scott as a toast given to his father. "We must hold them," he says, "to contain a striking likeness, since the original was recognized as soon as they were read aloud."

To a thing that's uncommon —
A youth of discretion,
Who though vastly handsome,
Despises flirtation ;
To the friend in affliction
The heart of affection
Who may hear the last trump
Without fear of detection.

Though the poetry is ludicrous, and contains, as Mr. Graham points out, a distich "dismal enough to cast a company into hopeless gloom," yet the "character" is a clever one, and we are sorry to deprive Sir Walter of it, on the authority of the following letter: "You know my earliest and much loved friend, Mr. Swinton, has gone to Heaven. As twenty-six years since, I made a toast to him which may be his epitaph—" and the verses follow.

One very characteristic poem is her witty parody on "Nancy's to the Greenwood Gane," written in teasing appreciation of her brother's not too prosperous suit to a lady of fashion. The verses are well-known, but we may quote the last stanza as contemporary evidence of the influence of the *vielle cour* on Edinburgh.

Wad ye hae bonny Nancy ?
No, I'll hae ane was learned to fence
An' that can please my fancy,
Ane that can flatter bow and dance
An' mak love to the ladies
That kens how folk behave in France,
An's bould amang the caddies.

Another set of verses written in the same teasing strain is "A Recipe for Wooing," written to a "lad very like one in the 'Gentle Shepherd'." The lines show clearly Mrs. Cockburn's ability to suit her meter to her thought. Her uses of weak syllables, mid rime, assonance, all serve her purpose remarkably

well, and it will be noted, too, that there is entire ease in construction; no straining of meter or wrenching of accents is necessary. The poem is excellent of its kind;

If your lass is coquettish and frisky
Make up to her easy and briskly;
If she frowns on ye, turn on your heel,
Make love to another, your heart to recover
You'll quickly discover she would keep you her lover,
Though her heart be as hard as steel.
She will try all her tricks to entice ye,
Sometimes sweet, sometimes sour, sometimes spicy.
Affect all these humors yourself,
See that ye vex her, be sure to perplex her,
Provoke her, and coax her, and roast her, and toast her,
She's as sure in your pouch as your pelf.

And this good advice runs on through two more stanzas.

Another parody to the tune of "Clout the Caldron," shows Mrs. Cockburn's political principles as well as her love of fun, and is connected with an amusing incident. She was bred a Whig and married into a family of the sternest Whig principles,—a combination of influences which left her none of the romantic love for the Pretender and his followers which gave color to the lives of so many Edinburgh ladies in the eighteenth century. Indeed she was far too canny a Scot's woman not to see the mixture of the ludicrous and the pathetic in the Stuart pretensions. Such was not the case with all her friends, and on the occasion of a visit to the Keiths, loyal Jacobites, she produced a parody on Prince Charlie's proclamation which is characterized by the same touch of fun as the one just quoted. As she was returning home, with the poem in her pocket, and still chuckling over it, her coach was stopped by a Highland guard, proposing to search her for Whig letters. The moment may well have been an uncomfortable one for the witty lady, and nothing but the savoir faire of a clever woman could have extricated her from an embarrassing position without submitting to the search. This poem is one of fifteen poems and fragments quoted in Chambers's "Scottish Songs" and attributed to Mrs. Catherine Cockburn, a contemporary, but very different, writer. They are evidently all the work of Mrs. Alison Cockburn, and are not, I believe, preserved elsewhere.

The most interesting of these songs, aside from the "Manifesto" and "The Flowers of the Forest" is one called "Gala Water" concerning which Mr. Chambers has the following interesting note: "If this song be (what it probably is) the first song written to the tune of 'Gala Water,' we must conclude that the celebrity of that district of Scotland in song and music has been entirely owing to the charms of one bonny lassie. So much may one person do for a country."

"A New Year's Greeting" to Miss Cummings, whom she delights to call her "sylph," is of a very different strain. The last stanza will illustrate a certain daintiness that is entirely characteristic of Mrs. Cockburn:

Little Sylph, that walks unseen
On the ice-besprinkled green,
Of mind elate, of stature small,
Though small, yet great, though short, yet tall,
Send to Heaven thy matin song,
Softly sweet the notes prolong;
And beg thy friend from toil may cease,
And close this year her eyes in peace.

It remains to speak in detail of the one poem on which Mrs. Cockburn's fame rests. It is, of course, her "Flowers of the Forest." There are various legends as to its origin, agreeing only in its indebtedness to the older ballads, the only remaining lines of which are,

I've heard the lilting
At the ewe milking,

and

The flowers of the forest are wede awae.
I ride single in my saddle,
For the flowers of the forest are a wede awae.

The poem was believed by her family to have been composed before she was married, and is thus made the work of a girl of eighteen. It did not appear, however, until 1765, when it was published in the "Lark," and was afterwards very largely quoted and copied. The romantic story, usually accepted, is that a gentleman, riding to Fairnalee on a summer evening, was so impressed by the plaintive notes of a shepherd boy's pipe that he stopped, and, inquiring, found the tune to be "The Flowers of the Forest." Again and again he demanded the tune and the

fragmentary words until, with both firmly in mind, he proceeded with them to young Alison Rutherford, with a request that a song be made to fit the tune. In a short time, the verses were obligingly produced. It has been surmised that the gentleman was John Aikman and that the approaching separation of the lovers, alone can account for the pathos of the young girl's song.

Scott, in his "*Border Minstrelsy*," makes emphatic refutation of this origin. He says: "The verses . . . were written at an early period of life, and without peculiar relation to any event, unless it were the depopulation of Ettrick Forest." Mr. Robert Chambers is authority for the statement that the occasion for the writing of the poem was a commercial disaster which caused the financial failure of seven Scottish Border Lairds in one year. It would be difficult to reconcile the passion of an eighteen year old girl with financial difficulties, however, and we need not give the statement too much weight, although it is ably supported by Mr. Veitsch in his "*History and Poetry of the Scottish Border*." The only information we have from any member of Mrs. Cockburn's family is contained in the letter from Mark Pringle, already frequently quoted. He writes, simply, "It was composed by her on a subject intimately connected with her native land,—namely the loss that country sustained at the Battle of Flodden." This seems the best statement to adopt; nor is it irreconcilable with Mrs. Cockburn's own foot note to the poem—"real picture of the author's feelings." Most students of Scottish history have felt the spell of this battle with its wrenching pathos, and misery; and to this imaginative, poetical Scottish girl, growing up amid the traditions of the Borderland and the "Forest," it may well have appealed with a force that accounts for the personal note of the poem. Further, this note is attached to a copy of verses made in Mrs. Cockburn's old age, when she had lost all most near and dear to her, when the application of the song to her own fortunes was most natural.

The song is so well known that it would not need quotation, were it not for the fact that the version usually given is quoted from Scott's "*Border Minstrelsy*," and differs in several details from the original. For the version which follows we are indebted

ed to Mr. Veitsch who reproduces it from a photograph of a copy made by Mrs. Cockburn for Lady Helen Hall. It is written in two stanzas of eight lines instead of the usual four six-line stanzas, and has no punctuation except the four periods which close its four sentences.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

FOR LADY HELEN HALL

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling
 I've felt all its favors and found its decay
 Sweet was its blessing and kind its caressing
 But now it is fled fled far far away.
 I've seen the forrest adorned the formost
 With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay
 Sae bonny was their blooming their scents the air perfuming
 But now they are withered and wede all away.
 I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning
 In loud tempest storming befor midle day
 I've seen Tweed's silver stream shining in the sunny beam
 Grow drumly and dark as it rolled on its way.
 Oh fickle Fortune why this cruel sporting
 Why thus torment us poor sons of a day
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me nae mair your frowns can
 fear me
 For the Flowers of the Forest are a wede away.

The lines inevitably demand comparison with the still more famous set of Jean Elliot, which appeared in 1706. Both are wonderfully beautiful. Jean Elliot's lament, in its simple strain and Scottish coloring is usually preferred. Mrs. Cockburn's contains a more personal note and attests its author's love of nature in its beautifully drawn picture of the Tweed. I can find nothing to equal it in the other version. Allan Cunningham, in 1828 compared them thus: "Both are remarkable for elegiac tenderness. With one it is the tenderness of human nature, and with the other that of allegory; yet the allegory is so simple and plain that it touches the most illiterate hearts; and though it expresses one thing by means of another, all must understand it." Burns, too, was a very enthusiastic admirer of the verses. He writes to Thomson: "'The Flowers of the Forest' is charming as a poem, and should be and must be set to the notes; but though out of your rule, the stanzas beginning, 'I hae seen the

smiling' are worthy of a place, were it only to immortalize the author of them." And he pays her the more sincere tribute of his imitation. In the Henly edition of Burns, we find this note to his "Culloden": "Scott Douglas has noticed that this feeble performance is largely a cento of expressions and ideas selected from Mrs. Cockburn's 'Flowers of the Forest.' And indeed he is right.

But the verses need no further comment or eulogy. Love and honor have long been given to them and their author, whose life embodied and radiated so much that was brave and tender and true. Alike as a "heartsome" Scotch lassie, a brilliant literary woman and a gentle, cheery old lady, did she brighten the little world around her with a wholesome humanity that, in itself, makes her life worth the study. We can do no better than close it with her own words. "I shall be vain while I live of the attentions and good will of all my compatriots,—ay, and try to keep it as long as I live; for there is nothing so pleasant and wholesome to the human heart as to love and be loved."

WINIFRED SNOW.

Chicago.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AMERICAN POETRY

It is a significant fact that during the three centuries of grim, unceasing struggle on the American continent, the paramount question concerning every production or movement has ever been: What is the use of it? Other nations have asked, with more or less persistence, the same question; but so emphatically has the New Citizen demanded utility in all things that the foreign world not infrequently has pointed the finger of scorn and dubbed the American an uncompromising materialist. And it is natural that such is the case. Brought face to face with an unconquered wilderness and its harsh, threatening realities, this child of the nations has had but little time to deal with Art for Art's sake.

As in the material world, so has it been in the spiritual and literary world. Doubtless all literature should be studied primarily because it is an "expression," equally doubtless is the fact that every creator of a classic should be considered first as one who had the power to express. His thought may have been in the minds of millions, but he it is who has expressed this thought supremely well, and he it is who has created from the vague a something concrete and tangible. His individuality, his Art, has made him stand forth from among men. In that vast volume, the History of Humanity, he has inserted one page, one picture which the world of all the hereafter may place its finger upon, and say, "This is the authentic record of his soul and therefore the authentic record of all the nations, movements and environments among which he moved." This is the indisputable claim of Expression for Expression's sake.

But America has rarely, if ever, accepted a lovely song merely because of its loveliness. It has demanded of its poets aid, a strong arm, a word of counsel, be it offered artistically or rudely. The manner of presentment has been, for the most part, of secondary importance; the fact that it is strong assistance has made it acceptable. Surely, then, it is not strange that the writers, and especially the poets, of the New World have placed substance far above form.

Looking through the list of singers in American poetry, we find all, with a single exception—that of Poe—offering a philosophy, indeed almost a theory. Empty nothings with fanciful frills have failed to win praise. In spite of the emphatic statements of French critics and in spite of the elegant and thoroughly enjoyable productions of French poets and their followers among other nations, the poets of this western world have steadfastly placed contents above form. The Anglo-Saxon people, and especially the Americans, demand a message. It has been given.

The phases of philosophy set forth by the American poets, if combined, would make a rational, practical system. No one writer has expressed it all; all of them have not given a complete guide for living; but each has given "supremely well" a partial answer to that great question: What shall we do to be happy?

Beginning with Bryant, we find at least three living ideas expressed: the healing power of Nature, the excellency of purity, and the absolute power of God over man's destiny.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

This is the unfaltering belief of Bryant. Time and again during the long years of his life he spoke the same comforting message. Turn to the forest for solace; for

The groves were God's first temple.

The vast prairie brings him new life; "Old Ocean's great and melancholy waste" arouses his soul; there is inspiration in every aspect of the natural world.

As for the excellence of purity, read conviction in the closing lines of *Thanatopsis*:

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

His life, spotless, so far as human vision can perceive, was but a concrete form of his message. Stern righteousness was his ideal, and his faith in the power of that ideal never wavered:

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
 The eternal years of God are hers.

The nobility of an honest soul commanded his admiration:

Peace to the just man's memory; let it grow
 Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
 Of ages.

And the power of God over the movements of men—how it seems to overwhelm Bryant! Time after time he sees the hand of the Creator wisely, yet unsparingly, writing upon the wall. God is everywhere:

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
 The desert and illimitable air—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

And this same power that guides the far-wandering water-fowl guides man:

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

His belief becomes almost a comforting form of predestination, and boldly he declares that

God hath marked each sorrowing day
 And numbered every secret tear,
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

Thus the first full voice in American poetry spoke philosophy, and to speak these beliefs was the primary, ruling passion in the poet's soul. The lark-like love of singing for singing's sake was not the all-mastering motive; the form of the song, though good, was a secondary consideration.

America has had one philosopher who was almost a great singer—but not quite. In the words of this singing-philosopher, Emerson, are to be found various contributions for the guiding of life; but above all others, three elementary facts seem to stand forth: the teaching power of Nature, the usefulness of everything, and the necessity for individual independence. These three themes in various forms he sang; and his own life was the embodiment of his poetry.

Nature, to him, as to Bryant, was a healing power; but Emerson loved it in detail; Bryant, as a vast whole.

If thou wouldst know the mystic song
Chanted when the sphere was young,

go listen to the pine-tree. "The Humble-Bee" is radiant with love and sympathy. This busy creature of the wood-land teaches him the abounding exuberance of a natural life, a life drawing its strength from the earth and things earthly, and full of the light and joy of summer. To that man, says Emerson, who looks with understanding eyes at the elements of Nature, the way of life is shown:

Who so walks in solitude
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass
From these companions power and grace.

It seems utterly impossible to Emerson that there should be anything useless in the universe. Every object, no matter how lowly, how far removed from the eyes of man, has a message; it cannot live in vain.

All are needed by each one.

Far in the woods, beside the black, sluggish brook, he finds the beautiful rhodora, and, answering the question, Why does this secluded flower exist? he declares that beauty is its own excuse for being and further declares to the lovely flower that

The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

Again, it is his abiding philosophy that by our very nature we must be useful, we must be influential:

The sexton tolling his bell at noon
Dreams not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse and lists with delight.

Daily, thinks Emerson, we unconsciously do our part toward the uplifting of the world. For even the dismal failures to do duty serve the world as a warning; and a warning is often more useful than a deed.

To say that Emerson is not independent would be to say that he is not Emerson. The deep-rooted doctrine of his life and writings is that a man is a self-sufficient world, and that organizations, societies, and combined endeavors are dangerous to the soul. He accepted no man as his superior. He consulted Plato, Confucius, Jesus, and Mohammed, not as masters, but as brothers who had gone a little farther along the road of Wisdom. Every man, he declares, is as important as every other man. He looks upon the portrait of a great preacher; he recognizes that fame is forever the portion of this divine; and yet, he is content to say,

And, yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

God wishes us to be free, and it is the plan of the ages that each man shall work out, with all liberty, his own destiny.

For he that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in this plan
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

Next to Poe, perhaps the most thorough believer in the song for song's sake is Longfellow; and yet the thoughtful New England ancestry and the everpresent theological tone of his environments made him, in some degree, a philosopher. His is not a deep, all-pervading philosophy, but, ah, how consoling it is and how touchingly expressed! It would seem that these are the main thoughts which he has offered to the world: "Thy fate is the common fate of all;" "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;" the power of human love is invincible. Looking within himself rather than into the ceaseless activities of life, he reached these conclusions, and frequently and often artistically he repeated them to his really vast audience.

Within the past few years it has become very much of a fad for the critic to turn up his literary nose at Longfellow. It is even scornfully remarked that the admirer and lover of Longfellow has reached only the half-way station on the road to true literary insight. Fortunately, however, many criticisms are as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; and that all-powerful reader, the Average Man, goes on his way rejoicing that Longfellow has lived and sung. In fact, in spite of the astonished outcries of the critics, the people seem, in this case, to have bodily lifted up the half-way station and to be even now bearing it on, like the ark of old.

For Longfellow's doctrines, though few and frequently commonplace, are consoling; and the world likes and believes in consolation. In his poetry the idea that "thy fate is the common fate of all" is here and there and everywhere. "Some days must be dark and dreary;" and sorrow is universal:

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

And again:

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Instance after instance might be given. Evidently Longfellow strove to drive away sorrow by destroying egotism; for constantly he warns us to look about and compare our personal sorrow with the sorrow of the world.

Beyond this, however, is the optimism of his songs; better days *must* come.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.

His is indeed an unwavering belief in the declaration that Earth has no sorrow which Heaven cannot heal. Every effort, vain, perhaps, according to human standards, shall be crowned some day, somewhere:

They shall all bloom in fields of delight.

The reward must come :

As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

and

Defeat may be victory in disguise ;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

Is not this the same strong courage as that found in the voice of Browning? Is it not the same doctrine, but in gentler tones, as in "Abt Vogler?"

There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall live as before ;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence, implying sound ;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven a perfect round.

Truly, we may class Longfellow as preeminently a poet of encouragement.

But there is one other theme which Longfellow sings with a sincerity born of firm belief, and that is the all-conquering force of human love. Many examples of this might be chosen from shorter poems ; but it is unnecessary ; the Story of Evangeline is proof enough.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest ;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

From these words until the last "Father, I thank thee!" the story is a confirmation of the doctrine that love—real, earnest, striving love, is invincible, and not only invincible, but soul-lifting and a sufficient reward in itself. Sad as are many of Longfellow's themes, the manly optimism of his helpful, if "common-place," philosophy should be considered as one of the precious characteristics of American poetry.

Simplicity and Greatness are sons of one mother. All that they could give, amidst New England environment, toward nobility of character, these two bestowed upon Whittier. His limitations are apparent ; and yet from the narrow world which he could call his own he brought to the philosophy of American poetry a contribution acceptable, yes, absolutely necessary in the effort toward perfection.

What helpful thoughts, then, has this plain farmer, shoemaker, politician, and journalist offered? The sentiments remaining most prominently in the mind after a reading of Whittier are: absolute faith in God, the beauty of righteousness, unswerving patriotism, and the dignity of the lowly. His themes are simple; his method of expression is unadorned; his songs go directly to the heart. He affected the reader of his day; he affects the reader of this moment. With such an ability in expression, he has not failed to bring home to those who know him, a sense of the correctness of his philosophic principles.

The Quaker faith, though gentle, is firm and clear in its belief in God and in Christ as a divine being; and Whittier, possessing the gentleness, possesses also the firmness of his religion. Calmly he says:

To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

The words of the knight in "Barclay of Ury," scorned and jeered by those whom he has served, are but another expression of undying trust:

Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still
Even though he slay me.

Righteousness is to Whittier an ideal of surpassing beauty, and instance upon instance might be given, showing the love that he bears for the good, the holy, the things of good report. "Barclay of Ury" is a eulogy on a just man, a "moral pioneer," strong, calm, courageous, because his soul was free from guile. And what a prayer is that in the Centennial Hymn!

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee: but withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,—
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

To Whittier there can be no doubt that the higher virtues are

gradually winning in the struggle, and often indeed does he speak the brave sentiment found in these, the last, lines of "The Angels of Buena Vista:"

From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

And what a patriot was Whittier! Beneath the simple, gentle surface of the man was an ardent militant love for his home-land. His rugged poems of slavery, his stirring ballad, "Barbara Frietchie," and, above all, that simple yet magnificent vision of "The Seer,"—all sound forth, with exultation, the faith, the far-seeing optimism of a true patriot.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash that soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

Whittier is a poet from the soil. He was born of the lowly; he loved the lowly; he knew the lowly. Truly, no other American poet, not even Walt Whitman, who would fain have held the honored place, has sung so well the life-song of the common people. To him the ordinary, commonplace objects and actions suggested a sort of nobleness; and the day in the field and the evening by the fire-side were poetic material by no means to be rejected. "Maud Muller" with its pitiful heart-cry, "It might have been," "The Bare-foot Boy" with its defiant, exultant defense of the natural, and that epitome of American rural life, "Snow-Bound," all stand for the dignity of the lowly.

The serious messages of Oliver Wendell Holmes are very few; but among the few is one, "The Chambered Nautilus," that many think has reached the supreme height of American literature. Apart from a few songs of patriotism, among which "Old Ironsides" is by far the best, and an equally small number breathing human sympathy, such as "The Voiceless" and "The Last Leaf," there is but this one strong message. And with its prayer for soul-endeavor, what a message it is!

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by Life's unresting sea!

In this one effort Holmes has contributed as worthy a principle to the guide for life, which our poets are attempting to write, as any singer of America. This is a message that every practical man may, and indeed must, take to himself—soul-endeavor.

And what has Lowell, the brilliant, the learned, the cosmopolitan, brought back from his wide journeys into book-land and earth-land to tell sorrowing, laboring humanity? At least four well-stated principles, it would seem, have, through his contributions, been inserted into our poetic philosophy: the equality of all men, devotion to duty, the necessity for the destruction of pride, and the value of living for others.

Perhaps, for sufficient evidences of these beliefs, it would be unnecessary to investigate any other production than "The Vision of Sir Launfal." Here the knight is compelled at last to recognize that the grewsome, loathsome leper is his equal, while the revised idea of charity:

Not what we give but what we share

is but another expression of equality. And note the meaning of the final words:

The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

Again, the devotion to duty is the motive sending Sir Launfal forth; he feels compelled to seek the Grail. It is a far cry from "The Vision of Sir Launfal" to Lowell's dialect poems; but still, the latter, in their rebukes to the shirker of duty have placed before the American people a very practical and emphatic doctrine. "What Mr. Robinson Thinks," with its mocking refrain,

But John P
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

is a vigorous example. It is evidently a heart-felt conviction that compelled Lowell to say :

Obedience,—'tis the great tap-root that still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred.
Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill.

Turning again to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," we have a picture of the destruction of pride. Here is a proud knight, a former scorner of the ugly and the lowly, sitting and eating, like the Knight of Israel, with the despised of the land. And what a song of humility is "The Changeling!"

And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.
As weak, yet as trustful also :
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me.

As a corollary to these principles of philosophy, Lowell naturally voices that sentiment, hackneyed perhaps in word, but alas! how far from hackneyed in deed: "We must live for others." His "Biglow Papers" are, in substance, but this one message; "The Vision of Sir Launfal" speaks the same words; "The Present Crisis" sounds, in one "dolorous and jarring blast," the same command :

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.

In spite of his too showy qualities, in spite of the fact that the sum-total of his literary work was a disappointment to himself, Lowell has not infrequently reached far down into the depths of the soul's experience and brought forth for you and for me a living, practical, and needed thought and guide.

Lastly, let us listen to the half-wild utterances of a man who indeed seems destined to be "the puzzle of the ages"—Walt Whitman. Perhaps Lowell's words about Poe may truthfully be applied to Whitman :

Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common sense damn meters.

But what a world of suggestiveness and philosophy is in that three-fifths !

Here is a man who knows men. He is rough, perhaps uncouth. He is intimately acquainted with the deck-hand and the college professor, and he likes them both. He has worked among many classes and under many conditions. Surely, his words, if based on experience, should be of exceptional value. Stripped of all affectations, superfluous words, "barbaric yawps," and Whitmanian rhythm, these doctrines seem most clearly expressed: the absolute equality of men of all kinds, colors, natures, and occupations; the rational, healthy life based on actual contact with Nature; the call for individual independence; the demand for indomitable optimism; and an unwavering faith in a great future for mankind.

No argument seems able to move Whitman from the opinion that one man is as good as another. "No dainty dolce affettuosso I," he cries, and he immediately proceeds to make the first last and the last first.

Allons! Whoever you are, come travel with me.

Time after time he repeats the declaration:

None but are accepted, none but shall be dear to me.

He asks:

What is it I interchange so suddenly with strangers?

What with some driver as I ride on the seat by his side?

What with some fisherman drawing his seine by the shore as I
walk by and pause?

and throughout all his poems he answers,—the recognition of soul-equality.

Surely, a man who has reached such a noble stage in the growth of his soul has been touched by some vastly effectual influence. What is it? Whitman declares it to be actual, daily contact with Nature. And by Nature he means, not the great general conception that Bryant had in mind, but rather the objects which go to make up the whole,—trees, fruit, grass, and dirt. His plea for Nature is firm and without semblance of doubt:

Whoever you are, come forth! or man or woman, come forth!
You must not stay sleeping and dallying there in the house,
though you built it, or though it has been built for you.

Here indeed is a poet who has taught what science is teaching at this hour,—the doctrine that the wild-wood and the far scene and the open sky will cure the ills of body and soul:

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Peace is there, and there only. The city may be attractive:

Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death under
the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones,
Under the broad-cloth and gloves, under the ribbons and artificial
flowers,

but far in the forest are

Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

Every man, believes Whitman, must work out his own guide
and destiny: for

Wisdom is of the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof.

As for himself he has declared that

From this hour I ordain myself loosed of limits and imaginary lines.
Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune.
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.

It is a wonderful philosophy—for a strong man. But, says Whitman, every man may be strong if he will but go back to the concrete elements of Nature; for therefrom come "health, defiance, gayety, self-esteem, curiosity." Only dare to go forth, seeking and welcoming the inevitable results of natural thinking and natural doing, and you shall be free:

Darest thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?

It is unnecessary to attempt a proof of Whitman's optimism; every word quoted above shows clearly his hopeful, joyful faith. He declares that everything, every person, in the natural state, is good:

I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and whoever
beholds me shall like me,
I think whoever I see must be happy.

Nowhere is his hopefulness shown better than in his visions of our nation's greatness; for, in spite of his eccentricities and lack of coherence, his view of democracy and nationalism is broader than that of any other American poet. He seemed to see at one glance

My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides,
and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's
shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies covered with grass and corn.

But even this view is not broad enough; he must needs include every human being, the world. All things, all beings are growing better. What a faith it is, to be able to say that this is the best day the world has ever known! Yet it is the prevailing tone of Whitman's philosophy:

Of life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful, for freest action formed under the laws divine,
The modern man I sing.

Such, then, it would seem, are the leading phases of the philosophy set forth by American poets. Only the very greatest of these musical thinkers have been selected; for these are representative of all who have contributed to this guide for living. Briefly the page containing America's gift to the Book of Thought, which the world is yet writing, may be summarized thus:

Bryant—

The healing power of Nature.
The excellence of purity.
The absolute power of God over man's destiny.

Emerson—

The teaching power of Nature.
The usefulness of everything.
Individual independence.

Longfellow—

"Thy fate is the common fate of all."
"Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."
The invincible power of human love.

Whittier—

Absolute faith in God.
 The beauty of righteousness.
 Unswerving patriotism.
 The dignity of the lowly.

Holmes—

Soul-endeavor.

Lowell—

The equality of all men.
 Devotion to duty.
 The destruction of pride.
 The value of living for others.

Whitman—

The absolute equality of all men.
 The rational, healthy, life based on actual contact with Nature.
 The call for individual independence.
 Indomitable optimism.
 Unwavering faith in a great future for mankind.

A noble contribution, is it not? That it is an incomplete one must be admitted. So far, Patriotism has not been sung in a truly noble strain; the poet of the city and of its philosophy has not spoken clearly; and, above all, few, if any, have sung that life is worth living for life's sake, that existence is in itself a wonderful reward. But, in spite of these things which have been left undone, it is a wise utterance from so young a philosopher.

It is a pity that day by day men go on in the same worried, grasping, soul-deadening career and listen not to these whom all men, practical, money-making men, must admit to have spoken Truth.

And I thought how like these chimes
 Are the poet's airy rhymes.
 All his rhymes and roundelays,
 His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
 From the belfry of his brain,
 Scattered downward, though in vain,
 On the roofs and stones of cities!

M. J. O. U.

For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtain cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet the excellent is winning. Today, it has been said, there is among ordinary men more reading and less talking of poetry than ever before. If this be so, there is in American verse a mighty influence for good; for it is an earnest note, an individual note, a note vibrant with the independent thinking individuality of the best Americanism.

CARL HOLLIDAY.

The Alabama State Normal College, Jacksonville.

THOMAS UNDERWOOD DUDLEY: AN APPRECIATION

The state of Virginia, which gave him birth and education—Kentucky, to whose highest service all his maturer powers were devoted—The University of the South, whose beloved Chancellor he was—the South, the Church, the Nation, each of which in an unusual degree he represented and illustrated—can not let wholly die the memory of such a man as the subject of this notice. We live upon the examples and through the spirit and influence of those to whom it is given, even a little, to carry us beyond ourselves and raise us above ourselves. Much has been said about Bishop Dudley which will better deserve preservation than what will be said here, and yet which will probably not be preserved. I know of no fitter medium through which all we who knew and loved him best can perpetuate the sense of what we owe to the memory of our common friend than the pages of *THE SEWANEE REVIEW*. And while multitudes of others are otherwise better qualified, there is none other than myself upon whom the obligation so rests to acknowledge and interpret that debt. Together we entered upon manhood and together we reached, so far at least as he was concerned, the limit of life in an intimacy and a community of experience into which there was none other to enter. I propose no formal biography, but only such an interpretation and estimate of the man as will express for us what we possessed and enjoyed in him living, and what we have lost and lament in him dead.

I venture to say that no other man has lived among us who was so remembered and who so continued to the end to be known as the school and college boy he had been. The immediately ensuing four years of bloody fratricidal war could not efface the impression of the Tom Dudley of Lewis Coleman's School and the University of Virginia. I knew not how otherwise either to explain or to express the fact than to say, in the language of that time of life, that he was more of a boy—and more kinds of a boy—than any other of his time. What that

means must be understood before we can begin otherwise or further understand our subject.

Tom Dudley was one of a number of Richmond boys who were his intimates at school and college, and some of whom were subsequently of scarcely less mark than he. His father was the more than popular, the beloved, City Sergeant of Richmond, and it gave the son something of a sense of belonging to the whole city. It unconsciously prepared him to be in some sort a public character. Without in the least seeking or striving for it he could not help being of the whole school, of the whole university. The rest of us, of the six hundred and fifty students, belonged to our little circles. No narrow lines circumscribed him. He knew and was known of all. And somehow he seldom forgot and was never forgotten. He went, and held his own, with the very best students. He was himself not the very best only because there was so much else that he could not help being, and being in. He was in all the brightest and choicest social life of the University, and not altogether out of its dissipation. He was beyond compare the most socially gifted boy and young man of his day. He could sing the best song, tell the best story, be quick with the brightest repartee, say the wittiest thing, make the most humorous speech. Men who knew him only on that side, thought that was his only side and have expressed surprise if not skepticism at his growth and greatness in quite other directions. Unquestionably his versatility, his quickness to see and impulse to enter into everything, his many-sided sympathy and enjoyment was an ever-present snare to him, and one from which he could not always escape. But there were indeed, from the very first, other and more serious sides to him than those of his more frivolous contemporaries who can remember only his frivolity, could dream of at the time.

Whether in his own deeper nature or through the faithful and constant influence of a strong and believing mother, there was in Tom Dudley at his so-called wildest, a strain of earnest—not only aspiration, but—purpose. It was often lost sight of, but—though he himself felt so at times—it was never lost. By the time he left the University with his Master's degree, the decision of his life had been practically made, though his actual career

was for some years longer in doubt. A year or two of teaching, then four years of military service, most of it in the not over spiritually-helpful atmosphere of the Capital of the Confederacy, left him at the close, of the same mind with which he had left the University, and within a few months he was pursuing his preparation for the ministry at the Alexandria Seminary. Once in his chosen vocation there was never any question of the sincerity and enthusiasm with which he threw himself into all the functions of his holy office. He quickly rose into public notice and within a few years was a leading rector in one of the leading churches of Baltimore. A very few years more and he was first, assistant-bishop, and then bishop of the great diocese of Kentucky.

These few facts of his public career are given only as a basis for the measurement and estimate of the man himself. For, after all, it was not his offices nor his official discharge of their duties but his personality, by which Bishop Dudley was distinguished above his fellows. In that one respect he was *sui generis*, unique and unapproachable. It goes without saying that he was always a striking, generally an eloquent, and sometimes, on special and ever-to-be-remembered occasions, a great preacher or speaker. All the arts of his childhood, his story-telling, his natural power of dramatic effect, his cultivated voice and inimitable facial expression, the trained ease of his perfect self-possession and self-forgetfulness on any occasion and in any presence, —all these gave him from the start, an advantage in public speaking of which he made full use and which he fully improved.

For the same reason that he was not at the close of his scholastic career an accomplished scholar, although he could have been so, Bishop Dudley was not at the height of his ecclesiastical career a profound theologian, though he might have been so. He had mental capacity enough to have equalled any of his contemporaries, but he was too quickly alive and too easily drawn to too many things and in too many directions to allow himself to become in any true sense a student or a thinker. He was a man of the moment and of the occasion and the matter in hand. His greatest triumphs of oratory were, not of course as to matter but as to inspiration, extemporaneous, and arose from his happy faculty of catching or striking the occasion, as it were, upon the

wing. Nothing that he said or wrote will probably live, but they served their purpose at the time, and very little that is said or written does that much so well.

As in readiness of speech so in promptness of interest and action Bishop Dudley was always in the forefront of the Church's movements. He was easily to be counted among the three or four most prominent bishops. He was chairman by election of the House of Bishops in General Convention. It was his impulse and disposition to be at the front in everything he was in. It is perhaps not unnatural in the unambitious or less successful among us to charge such a man with the restless spirit of personal ambition. Far be it from me to affirm that there is no such thing as self-seeking, love of prominence and power, in the breasts even of bishops. We have only the common stuff of humanity to make bishops of, and the act of ordination and consecration does not eliminate the alloy. But there is something to be said for the better understanding of ambition. When nature fits a man to be at the front of affairs, she endows, or ought to endow, him with a corresponding instinct and impulse to be there. The failure to do so, and the consequent lack of necessary self-assertion in the man, met with the unqualified reprobation of the ancients. A man's desires and ambitions should be commensurate with his qualifications and merits. To want little when fitted and qualified for much—was *mikropsuchy* or pusillanimity. Ambition, or the hunger for prominence and influence and power, has other elements and springs in it than mere self-seeking. It is an important part of the man's outfit to render all the service that is in him. If there was in Bishop Dudley something of what is called "the politician," the disposition to manage or "run" things,—it is not necessary to say that there was nothing in it of the weaknesses common to us all. It is enough to affirm that there was enough of the gold of right impulse and true and high motive to carry very easily what of alloy was there to temper it.

But it is yet more intimately and individually the *man* whom I wish more particularly to recall and embalm in our memories. It was his great heart, his deep and faithful affections, his loyalty to principles and persons—the richness of his emotional, even

more than the brilliancy of his mental nature—which endeared him so much to us all. One of the first remarks from him that struck me in his youth was upon the subject of the great intimacy between himself and his father. As a member of the household not infrequently afterwards, I came to appreciate the beautiful confidence between himself and his parents even through times when he was most insecure and they most uncertain of him. What he was afterwards in his own family and with his own children only they have full authority to say. But it can be no secret to any who thoroughly knew him. I have full right to speak of him only as his friends knew him. And in all my experience he gave more depth and richness to the meaning of friendship than any man I have known. Once a friend he was so always without change or diminution. And while intimately so, of course, to not very many, he was friend to more than is possible to ordinary men. Retentive in mind, he was even more so in feeling and affection, and it was a constant surprise to friends the longest and furthest separated from to find how exactly he was to them what he had been not far from fifty years before. The “fifty years before” which had largely faded out of their minds and hearts was fresh and living in his.

The above traits taken in just the generous composition that constituted Bishop Dudley will account for the large hold which he laid upon his time, and for the wide vacuum which his going has left behind. There are others left behind, large in many of the ways in which he was large. We value them highly for themselves. There cannot be another either Tom Dudley or Bishop Dudley. Intimately alone with a friend, brilliantly giving life to a social function, eloquently responding to every thought or emotion of an audience, quick and alert and ready in council—in any act or relation, who can take just the place left empty by his translation to other spheres and other activities!

The name and location of our REVIEW—although in fact as in purpose the SEWANEE REVIEW is no more of Sewanee than of any of the other centres which it equally represents—might yet justify a brief appreciation of what he was to The University of the South, of which he had been for the second time elected Chancellor.

Tom Dudley grew up in the height of the educational revival that culminated in Virginia just before the war. The University had created the University Schools, and the Schools were making the University. Teaching had become a permanent profession, and the Masters of Arts who, at the rate of half a dozen a year, represented the turned out product of the educational system, were going into it almost without exception. Dudley had entered the University from Lewis Coleman's University School, and when Mr. Coleman went to the University as Professor of Latin, Dudley became tutor under him, a position in which the war found him. All this gave him an intimate acquaintance with Virginia ideals and methods of education, and prepared him for a deep and practical interest in educational schemes and enterprises in general. I have already indicated a deeper ground still for this interest. The boy-nature never lost and the boy-life never grown old in himself drew him irresistibly to all aggregations of boys and young men. He lived over and kept green and fresh his own boyhood in the atmosphere of college life wherever he found it. So Bishop Dudley from the moment he entered into the system of The University of the South was predestined to become its Chancellor. It was not in his nature not to want the position—for itself, and for the great relation into which it brought him with a great enterprise wholly after his own heart. And in it he wholly endeared himself to the University, from the Vice-Chancellor to the youngest Grammar School boy, simply by his instantaneous power of understanding and entering into and sympathizing with everything in it. There was no respect in which Bishop Dudley showed more his native tact and his wise experience than his application of the principle that all a Chancellor or a Board of Trustees can do—and there is very much they can do—can be done effectively only through a determined and complete understanding and sympathy and cooperation with the local administration, the Vice-Chancellor and Faculties of the Institution. If any one should ask what Bishop Dudley added materially, educationally, or administratively to the life of the University of which he was so long the Chancellor, there may be many answers, but the sufficient answer to Sewanee itself would be: "What he was to us

in his life, for inspiration, for comfort, and for help, can only be measured by and be expressed in terms of our own experience of the loss we have suffered in his death!"

WILLIAM PORCHER DuBOSE.

The University of the South.

REVIEWS

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN

HISTORY OF ANDREW JACKSON, PIONEER, PATRIOT, SOLDIER, POLITICIAN, PRESIDENT. By Augustus C. Buell. With Portraits. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These volumes, dedicated by their author "To the embodiment in our times of the Jacksonian spirit, Theodore Roosevelt," are primarily intended to emphasize that of which much has lately been both written and spoken, viz., the "American" spirit. The methods and results are consequently very much like those of the same author's "Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy," a work which in genuine attractiveness and lively interest proved to be a revelation of the services and personality of its subject. Mr. Buell has since died, having lived to complete the present work and hand it to the publishers, but without having been granted the privilege of looking over the proof sheets. Some discrepancies and unevennesses necessarily result, but this biography is still an absorbing and fascinating work. The reader who takes it up is not likely to put it down for good until both volumes are read,—a safe and fair test, whatever defects in details may be objected to.

This work, while no doubt the immediate result of the success of the "Paul Jones," yet seems to be the result of a life-time of conviction and study for itself. It is an enthusiastic labor of love; the author had it in his bones. His family before him were Jackson Democrats; "the first book I ever read," he declares, "was Judge Alexander Walker's 'Jackson and New Orleans.'" The author seems to have made a painstaking study of all the material he could put his hands on and to have taken every care in the initial preparation; and then in the end to have made a rather hurried putting together of this material in the actual transcription. But this in no way affects the real value of the work. The author's intention was to write a popular book. He was a journalist by profession and method, and wished to make a "live" book or none at all. His purpose was to "realize" Jackson, and this can best be done, after accumulating all the material and

once forming a definite conception, by driving direct ahead and writing in a continuous stream. There are, in consequence, some repetitions, some trivial errors in statement and unevennesses in style; but the work is very life-like, at times even brilliant, pulsating with personality and rich with native flavor. Nor may it be denied that there has been gathered up important material not before given in any life of Jackson.

There are no foot-notes, no learned and critical apparatus, although when the author quotes in the body of his narrative, he tells from whom. The judgments passed are the result of conviction rather than the review of other men's opinions. As far as possible, the author lives Jackson over again. He sympathizes very far with Burr against what he believes are Jefferson's persecutions. He hates cordially New England's selfish conservatism, and he cares very little more for the old democracy of the aristocratic Virginia leaders, viewing it with undisguised impatience and even contempt. His feelings are all with Jackson and the new and rapidly developing West; and among the leaders of Jackson's time, he regards Calhoun as a hypocrite and Clay as very much of a scoundrel. Particularly he despises England and the English, who are worse than Indians and half-breeds, while the Spaniards are actual angels to them. Something like these frank expressions seem to have been Jackson's own feelings and beliefs, and in the effort to portray Jackson for us as he was, they have seemingly become also Mr. Buell's.

The Battle of New Orleans is told in far greater detail than any other episode in the "History." The pictures of the Tennessee frontier, Alabama and the Southwest Territory as the abode of the Indians—witness the wealth of Indian names still to be found in Alabama and Southwestern geography—the mixture of peoples in the New Orleans of the early part of the century, the unformed conditions in the Georgia borderland and the state of Spanish Florida, are presented with marked vividness. These portions of the book are not only the freshest and most romantic, but they reveal most clearly the character of Jackson and explain his career.

The game, or better, business, of politics is looked at practically. It is a practical American journalist who is here talking to

men of the same ilk whom he has known. Jackson is a hero, but he is not faultless. His duelling, his occasional drinking, his quarrels, are as frankly commented on as the noble home-life which shows the tender relations with his mother and his wife, the high sense of personal dignity and the intrepid courage of the man, are set forth. Mr. Buell loves a popular hero, whether in Paul Jones or in Andrew Jackson. He believes in and honors humanity, humanness, courage, a fighter, even a duellist; one who can drink with a friend and shoot an enemy upon compunction; one who may take the law in his own hands, but accomplishes something; one who, even if in the wrong way, may be counted on to do the right thing in the end.

On the whole, there is an evident disposition on the part of the author to be fair, a determination not to be controlled by bias and to bring to bear a spirit of judicial fairness. In many instances, as in the matter of the Dickinson duel, the Benton quarrel, the extreme acts in the Southwest and Florida, when Jackson anticipates and directs instead of follows the tardy action of Congress, the war with the United States Bank and elsewhere, the author marshals the facts and seems to wish to present the case at least fairly. He is not bent on making his hero a paragon, but he is trying to explain his course and make him human and living, and he balks at nothing. This is the great advantage which Mr. Buell's biography has over Parton's thorough work and Mr. Buell's book thus gives a far truer picture of the real Jackson than Parton's volumes. In the off-hand dicta expressed on Calhoun, Clay, and other political opponents of Jackson, our author is avowedly giving expression to the popular partisan Jacksonian prejudices of the day.

According to the journalist's creed a book must be first interesting to be convincing; and this book is interesting. Only the salient features are taken, the outline given, the psychological moment caught, to make the portrait clear and striking. For this, references and notes and supersubtleties of refinement would be in the way. The method is panoramic and even dramatic. It may and does err in points, but these are of no moment in comparison with the total impression made. For instance, there seems to be some confusion of William and Willie

(pronounced Wiley) Blount, and Jackson's law partner and life friend was John (not Thomas) Overton. But the portraiture is essentially consistent from first to last, and so we feel is really truthful. Obvious imperfections and infirmities are even emphasized because they leave Jackson all the more life-like, and display his real greatness despite these and with these.

The readableness, enjoyment and instructiveness, of the volumes admit of no doubt, and there can be as little that they will take high rank as a frank interpretation of human nature and of genuine character, by one who knew men and judged men by broad standards. As a notable Tennessean of the fifty years following Jackson, has said: "Taking the century from 1750 to 1850 Andrew Jackson is more completely and eminently the type and representative of the genuine American man at his best and, in some respects, at his worst, than any other man in our History."

THE LETTERS OF AN ENGLISH LIBERAL

LETTERS OF LORD ACTON TO MARY GLADSTONE. Edited, with an introductory Memoir, by Herbert Paul. With two plates. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Morley's notable "Life of Gladstone" has made all relations with him and any new light thrown upon him a matter of more than ordinary moment. The letters of Lord Acton to Gladstone's daughter possess, indeed, this interest, but it is only a secondary one. Nor even is the fact that the striking Cambridge Modern History, now in course of realization, was planned by Lord Acton, the justification for publishing his letters. Both of these circumstances may add to the timeliness of the publication; but it would be eminently unfair to Lord Acton's rich and remarkable personality to have any one but himself the cause. His own great knowledge, and clear grasp of men and things, his striking opinions on current issues of life and the day, are sufficient reward. These opinions, besides revealing a rarely sympathetic and highly cultivated mind, show a burning zeal for truth and liberty. They consist of political issues, historical questions, theological speculations, the content of old and new

books, the personality of public men—matters intellectual, spiritual and social, always elevated and serene.

Lord Acton's was an interesting, indeed, in many ways a unique personality. A practical minded Englishman and a Roman Catholic, a liberal and even independent thinker, he was opposed by the very necessity of his intellectual make-up, to Ultramontanist and extreme conservatism in thought, whether in State, or in Church. Naturally a Liberal in politics, with high ideals as to certain principles, he was both intellectually and spiritually sympathetic with and akin to Mr. Gladstone and the latter's policies. He was noted for his prudence and his wisdom, his extensive knowledge of the foreign languages and his wide reading, his great sociability and personal acquaintance with the best minds in public, social, and scholarly life in England and on the Continent.

The biographical sketch of Mr. Paul is interpretative of the letters which follow, and after reading these letters one is apt to come back to Mr. Paul's essay to note definite points of characterization. It is high company that one has been keeping. Lord Acton's mind was of an intellectual and highly cultivated type, which glowed with an ardor for liberality and liberty and strength of principle beyond all petty considerations and meanesses. His intimacy with the Gladstone family was a natural outcome of his sincere interest in the problems of Liberal politics and natural affinity with a man of Gladstone's temper. The letter's addressed to Mary Gladstone, the daughter, during the period of her father's ministry in the early eighties (the letters really date from 1879 to 1886) rather than to the busy statesman, were meant largely for family consumption. They were at the same time personal, too, full of helpful comment from one far away—many are written from the Riviera—who, on the outside, yet with an intimate knowledge, had the faculty of looking objectively, calmly, sanely, wisely, at things. His views frankly expressed on many subjects of intimate conversation, sometimes on delicate points in the Gladstone administration, his doubts about and wishes for the Irish, his zeal for movements often unpopular, his tact and worldly wisdom and little hints as to social procedure, his encouragement and applause in the

highest sense of right and justice—all must have stimulated the family's life and thought and aspiration. The correspondence must have been helpful to him as well—his being a surcharged mind, ready to pour out its convictions and emotions upon occasion. A distinct glow is imparted to many of the letters, an intellectual fervor, a spiritual heat.

The topics, as will be expected, are varied. The richness of mind came from long and omniverous reading and thinking and personal mingling with the best in Europe. He knew personally all the noted men of intellect and letters and statecraft, and judged them personally. Among these men those intellectually closest seem to have been Dr. Döllinger, the liberal theologian, and Mr. Gladstone, the liberal statesman, and he naturally strove to bring about their meeting. As a Roman Catholic many of his opinions of vexatious points in Church history and polity are of the highest interest. He distrusted D'Israeli fundamentally, and so frankly disapproved of Gladstone's eulogy on the occasion of his great opponent's death. If we could not lend the seal of our approval to D'Israeli living, why to D'Israeli dead?—was his rigid reasoning. The period of these letters includes also the deaths of George Eliot and Carlyle. He is always enthusiastic over George Eliot as a kindred intellectual and moral force, and seems to think his correspondent is not sufficiently so. On the other hand he has but a small opinion of Carlyle: he had read Coleridge first and Carlyle had no message for him. "John Inglesant" was a book to interest him greatly and to incite criticism, as doubtless some of Mrs. Ward's work must have done later. One of his pet dislikes was Jowett, Master of Balliol.

Lord Acton was sincere and intense, a high-minded partisan on principle, but with a mind open to all impressions which might lead to a perception of the truth. His own book, never to be written, to which he jocularly refers repeatedly as his masterpiece-to-be which the world is waiting and anxious for, and imaginary quotations and extracts of which he often obtrudes, is on "Liberty." This word with its connotation of ideas may be accepted as containing the fundamental principle of his thought and life. He might have made a great philosophical historian; but men of his stamp not infrequently acquire and seldom write

—they rather pour themselves forth in monologues like Coleridge, or in letters, as here.

NEW VOLUMES OF STANDARD POETRY

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER. With an Introduction by William P. Trent, of Columbia University, and Life by J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

BRITISH POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Selections from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Landor, Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Robert Browning, Clough, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne. Edited with reference lists and notes by Curtis Hidden Page. Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.

THE GREEK POETS. AN ANTHOLOGY. By Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM MORRIS. Selected and edited by Percy Robert Colwell. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Whether this be a poetically gifted age or not, it is an age, at least outwardly, very much interested in the study of poetry. How far this interest is genuine and is continued beyond the school and college days, may be debated; but a scanty examination of catalogues shows that poetry and the poets unquestionably constitute the great body of literary study in our college and university courses. We are at least critical, and should be appreciative, of poetical talent; and perhaps as a result, a generation may arise to produce a high order of poetry, unless our interest after all prove to be but an affectation on the part of the teacher, and mere questioning amiability on the part of the pupil. Certainly one might argue that this interest was real from the number of volumes of and about poetry issued from the press for class use, reference, special work, and personal enjoyment. Even our local newspapers fill part of a column in every issue with "Poems You Should Know."

All four of the volumes noted above, are intended as convenient and moderately priced editions for the use of the student lover. Professor Trent's introduction to the works of Spenser, constituting a critical summary, is a fresh contribution and estimate of the meaning and importance of Spenser's poetry to us, in spite of recognized drawbacks, and the study contains some

finely drawn and happily expressed distinctions. As to the edition itself, the aim has been to preserve the spelling of the original merely transposed to modern type, to give variations from the original editions, to furnish a glossary of obsolete words, and to add a note on Spenser's language and metre. A biographical sketch of Spenser by Mr. J. Walker McSpadden, increases the usefulness of the book.

Professor Page's "British Poets of the Nineteenth Century" is a volume intended particularly for college classes, yet ought to be useful to other readers. The fourth volume of Ward's "Poets" is all we have had and for its purpose is still unsurpassed. The present work has wider and fuller selections, but lacks the critical introductions so valuable a feature in Ward's volumes. To compensate for this, however, Professor Page's book has good bibliographies—possibly too general, although some discrimination is made by means of asterisks—which presume the presence and use of a good library. The two works, however, may be made to supplement one another, and the student who wishes can catch the spirit of English poetry of the nineteenth century.

There are many excellent features of Professor Page's volume. The selections, which are generously full, are taken from the fifteen leading poets of the century, give as a rule none but complete poems and aim to give all the best of each poet's work. Many long poems are given entire: Byron's "Manfred," Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," Scott's "Marmion," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," Keats's "Hyperion," two of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"—"Guinevere" and "Morte d'Arthur"—Browning's "Pippa Passes," Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," William Morris's "Atalanta's Race." The last two cantos of "Childe Harold" stand apart, and passages from "Don Juan" are necessary exceptions. Other natural exceptions—separable by their nature—are the Songs from Tennyson's dramas and the Hymn from "Endymion." And yet a library that presumes the works of reference at all complying with the demands made here may also presume the volumes of poetry, the complete works of these authors. While this volume ought to be and will be helpful as

a guide and introduction, yet the real gain is to get away as soon as possible from any book of selections, however wisely put together, and go direct to the full work of the master himself. Nothing can ultimately take the place, even for the student, of personal contact with the spirit in every phase and attitude of the master's work.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has long been favorably known as a translator. To get together selections from the best and representative versions of the Greek poets in English is valuable—indeed, at times, more valuable than enlivening. It is interesting to note the scope and variety of the specimens, and one may get a good deal of food for the endless discussion as to the best way of translating a poet. Homer is, of course, chief among his fellows and has seventy-nine pages of translation devoted to him, which include specimens from Chapman's septenary and couplet, Pope's distich, Maguin's eight-lined stanzas to suggest a ballad structure, Gladstone's irregular ode-like form, Dart's hexameter, Tennyson's blank verse and others. The imitation of the Greek spelling is employed, as witness "Alkaios," "Aischylos," etc. The translations cover the entire field of Greek poetry—from Homer to the Sicilian idyllists, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, and end with Callimachus, Apollonius Rhodius, and Meleagrus. They are also taken from the most varied sources in our English literature, and some not signed are presumably Mr. Dole's own. On the whole, the lyrical poems seem to be the ones that have most successfully charmed English reproducers. The volume gives a good idea of the spirit and wide character of Greek poetry, and even more, it furnishes a ready conception of the multiplicity and variety of translations from the Greek in our English literature. A good index to the volume is badly needed.

The "Poems of William Morris, selected and edited by Percy R. Colwell" is another volume of selections with Bibliography, Introduction, Notes, and Index of titles. Morris the poet is not so generally known as he deserves, and the mention of his name is more frequent in connection with the revival of the arts and crafts movement and with social discussion than as a poet. Yet he is regarded by many lovers of verse as the best teller of tales in English verse since the death of genial Dan Chaucer more

than five hundred years ago. However, since Morris's death and the publication of Mackail's *Life*, there is also a renewal of interest in Morris's poetical work. The selections here given are taken from the *Early Romantic Poems* (the "Defense of Guinevere," etc.)—very full, filling eighty-eight pages—a selection of songs from the "Life and Death of Jason," then full selections from "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd the Volsung," and finally many of the "Poems by the Way"—socialistic, romantic and Icelandic. These selections will introduce the reader (all that any book of selections can do) to William Morris, poet, and may be the means of increasing the number of readers and students of Morris's work and teaching in all its phases.

SOME NEW NOVELS

MR. WADDY'S RETURN. By Theodore Winthrop. Edited by Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

There can be little question as to the advisability of giving "Mr. Waddy's Return" to the reading world. We only wish that Mr. Stevenson, himself a well-known magazine and newspaper writer to whom was entrusted the task of revising and editing the manuscript, had seen fit to preface the volume with a sketch of the author. Theodore Winthrop was a distinguished young graduate of Harvard who had already won a place for himself as a writer by his "Cecil Dreeme" before he entered the Civil War. His untimely death in battle is still mourned by those who knew his promise, and "Mr. Waddy's Return" was thus insured a welcome. The book is eminently readable and attractive, and of its several marked qualities of style, one would hesitate to call one even a fault. The spirit of Thackeray, of Dickens, of Miss Austen, hovers over the pages, the Latinisms and Gallicisms of our earlier writers are frequent, a spade is called a spade very simply and straightforwardly, and there is a tightening about the chords of one's heart as he notes again the quaint forms of expression of a generation ago. The editor deserves commendation for his good taste in leaving the matter so evidently in its original form.

PORT ARGENT. A Novel. By Arthur Colton. With a frontispiece by Eliot Keen. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Arthur Colton is distinctly a writer in whom persons of a certain trend of thought, rather than the indiscriminate mass, would be interested. He cares not so much for an individual character as that the character should represent some movement or principle he has in mind, not so much for a fact or a situation as its significance.

"Port Argent" is a town of old civilization and tradition, finding itself suddenly in the throes of modern development. It decided one morning that it had a "boss." Everyone was pleased. "It sounded metropolitan;" and "Someone said 'We're a humming town'." It had its sensational preacher to whom his converts had said, "You've got no beliefs that I can make head or tail of. Eccentric youth, go ahead!" And he had gone ahead in Port Argent. A talented young engineer, one of Port Argent's own sons, was laying off boulevards, planning parks, erecting bridges.

The new spirit is grafted on the old—a sturdy New England common sense and homely humour showing how old and new may come harmoniously together. The many deviations, incidents and sketches, which the author permits himself, connect with a pleasant love story.

THE DIVINE FIRE. By May Sinclair. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

This volume is a study of the character of a man of genius and of his development amid mental and moral pitfalls: it is divided into four books, each constituting an epoch in his life.

Book I, "Disjecta Membra Poetae," gives the origin and early environment of the poet, the fact of his vulgar birth and certain inherited traits, his growing up in a second-hand book shop, his yielding to the temptations of his class, the almost entire lack of refinement in the influences around him. It is indeed a period of scattering but a mighty gathering together is promised.

Book II, "Lucia's Way," introduces an entire change of scene: Keith Richman is sent from his shop to catalogue the library in an English country house. Lucia, a delicate type of refined and cultured womanhood, presides over the perfectly appointed

home and for weeks the two work together over the catalogue. This is the time of mental and spiritual awakening and uplifting in the man.

Book III, "The House of Bondage" marks a return to the living conditions of a fifth-rate boarding house. The poet leaves his father's place of business which he bitterly terms "A gin palace of art," and begins his career as author. The struggle with environment of which the whole book is a study becomes more intense here than elsewhere and the interpretation of honor, likewise dominant, is more strained.

Book IV, "The Man Himself," sure of himself, enters upon his greatest struggle and yet in one sense his least—for his will is no longer uncertain. He sees what he wishes to do and he does it. The final pages unite him and Lucia whose personality has after all sounded the key-notes of the novel. It is not amiss that she should be a great musician. As a whole the book though long is well proportioned and interesting throughout. The character portrayal is good and in it the author shows keen insight and much skill and delicacy of interpretation.

ON ETNA. By Norma Lorimer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Despite certain crudities of style, irregularities of plot, and a distinct lack in characterization, "On Etna" is a book of marked interest. The scene of the novel is Sicily upon the slopes of Etna, and the author is fully appreciative of the scenery and spirit of that wonderful island. The situation is well conceived dramatically; a thoroughly self-sufficient, law-abiding Englishman has inherited large estates in the environs of Mt. Etna; and he on one side refusing toll to the Mafia and the picturesque Capo Brigante, the Well Beloved, on the other, with the Englishman's beautiful daughter for romance, furnish at once elements for dramatic effects. The tale is intense, necessarily so, and it is strong but just because those qualities are there, a very sure, firm touch is needed and that the author has not yet gotten.

IN THE DWELLINGS OF THE WILDERNESS. By C. Bryson Taylor. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

Excavations in the interest of American scientists among the tombs of long dead kings in that uncanny desert country of

eastern Africa form the basis of this little volume. The style is smooth and flowing and the book has two delicately coloured illustrations. It is avowedly a tale of mystery and terror; and the descriptions of scenery, the freshly opened tombs, and experiences with the native workmen, reproduce sufficiently the weird atmosphere in which the mummy of the Princess, who was buried alive for her sins, becomes animated and lures to a horrible death in the desert, the men who have desecrated her tomb.

THE ROMANCE OF PISCATOR. By Harry Wysham Lanier. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

Piscator has a breezy, rather inconsequent romance in pursuit of a Peri, who might easily have stood at the gate of Paradise, and not caused more travelling than poor Piscator had to do pursuing her and her rather apoplectic sportsman of a father, from one to another of all the fishing-places of the East and Northeast. The first section of the book has a good sketch of the bay and the old negro fisherman; and the redeeming qualities throughout are a sincere love for and an appreciation of "God's out-of-doors."

A NEW PAOLO AND FRANCESCA. A novel. By Annie E. Holdsworth. New York & London: John Lane, The Bodley Head. \$1.25.

In this novel the touch is so fanciful at some times, so whimsical at others, and again so delicately poetic that to draw forcibly out of it the mechanical plot around which the weaver has woven her fancies, would be both difficult and inadvisable. It is not a work that will bear logical questioning or structural examination, an adaptation of the Italian tragedy to present conditions being necessarily more imaginative than practicable. But it is very pleasant reading and one's feelings do not become too deeply involved despite the passion and tragedy of which the book is full. The scene changes from Italy to a stern island on the Scottish coast, and the sea dancing in sunshine or raging in storm is the accompaniment of the whole action. The characterization, while not notably strong, is clear and entertaining. One is curiously reminded of Miss Elizabeth Robins's "The Open Question" in the ending almost identical in both: the lovers meeting death in a storm at sea, having purposely put out in the face of the weather.

THE UNDERCURRENT. By Robert Grant. With illustrations by F. C. Yohn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

"The Undercurrent" is essentially an American novel of the day. It is written in a uniformly grave, dignified, thoughtful tone and treats at length many phases of interest and import in our national life. Especially à propos in view of the recent discussion, particularly in the Episcopal Church, is the rather minute treatment of divorce, of the Episcopal Church, and of divorce and the Episcopal Church. The author has no obvious purpose in his book apparently beyond the pleasure of writing as a thoughtful man, of subjects concerning the life of his countrymen. But he shows a broad knowledge and catholic sympathy. He is a close observer and treats his subjects very minutely, giving little human touches here and there to illustrate and heighten the force of some point. At times his style is tersely epigrammatic, it is always grave and without figures and there is not a comic touch in the book. The volume is fully illustrated by F. C. Yohn, but the illustrations lack character.

THE NORTH STAR. A novel. By M. E. Henry Ruffin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

"The North Star" is concerned historically with Norway during the reign of King Olaf in the tenth century. An immense amount of material is contained in the large volume and revolutions, killings, much marrying, the introduction of Christianity, journeyings to the Holy Land, together with all the noise, brawl, and lawlessness that are supposed to constitute a historical novel are massed here with more or less heterogeneity. Another question of moment seems to have been the particular form of English to adopt for the period—the proper thing would have been a remarkably pure Anglo-Saxon. As that was not practicable, a simple narrative form of the English of today might have suggested itself. As it is, a rather involved English, that of the present historical novel again, is used fairly consistently. Due credit must be given the author for sincerity in her effort and a preservation of chronological sequence which must have been difficult in the quantity of material which unfortunately gathered about the subject. The interest is held throughout

the volume, however, and the path of King Olaf, the North Star, is kept in sight.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE FRENCH COURT. By Geraldine Brooks.
New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

Although Miss Brooks has not allowed herself here latitude of imagination as in her colonial romances, she has given us a conscientious and, at the same time, very pleasing book to which the publishers have added dignity and beauty of binding. Each of the sketches, except that of Madame de Rémusat is illustrated with a well-known portrait of the subject. As intimated above, no special interpretation is attempted but the lives of these famous women are lightly drawn from their own letters and the chronicles and sketches of the times, Miss Brooks having preferred her work to be that of connecting the links after having selected them. Several of the shorter treatments of Madame Geoffrin (who entertained no woman at her board but Mademoiselle de Lespinasse), Madame Le Brune, and Madame Valmose are sympathetic and charming. As usual with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and Madame de Staël, the portrayal falls short of presenting the quick sensitiveness and nervous brilliance of these remarkable temperaments.

NOTES

The year 1904 will be known for its Thackeray revival, if, indeed, there were ever any real waning of interest in Thackeray. The existence of unexpected treasure-trove was made known in the publication of "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family" (The Century Co.), these having originally appeared in the *Century Magazine* and being contributed by Miss Lucy Baxter, of New York, to whose family the letters were addressed. A complement to this is Gen. James Grant Wilson's two volumes on "Thackeray in the United States" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which, besides the full narrative and abundant illustrations and reproductions, comprise a careful bibliography of Thackeray's works published in the United States, and of magazine articles on Thackeray, compiled by an indefatigable student, Mr. Frederick S. Dickson. Coincident with these the large mass of new Thackeray material which has been identified and has been accumulating within the past five years, since the appearance of Mrs. Ritchie's Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works and Mr. Lewis Melville's two-volumed "Life of Thackeray," naturally has led to new and more complete editions of the works of the novelist. Three such new editions have appeared within the year: the Kensington, published by the Scribners; the Macmillan, published by the Macmillan Co. and edited by Thackeray's biographer, Mr. Melville, and the Cornhill, published by the Crowells and edited by Professors Trent of Columbia University and Henneman of The University of the South. In this last edition, besides the special introductions to the several novels and volumes, is a fresh biographical study and a detailed chronological bibliography of Thackeray's writings and contributions to periodicals, supplementing the biography and exhibiting each step of the novelist's literary development. These portions of the work, it may be of some interest to note, are from the hands of two who have been associated with the entire history of the SEWANEE REVIEW, one as editor before 1900 from its beginning in 1892, and the other since 1900.

There is hardly a more indefatigable literary student and worker in America than Professor Trent, and one piece of work done but suggests and leads to the undertaking of another. This accounts for his "Brief History of American Literature" (D. Appleton & Co.), designed for the use of schools. It is the natural outcome, doubtless urged by the publishers, of the author's larger "History of American Literature, 1607-1865," in Mr. Gosse's Literatures of the World series published by the Appleton's. The present volume forms one of the Twentieth Century Text Books got out by the same publishers under the general editorship of the Superintendent of Schools of Chicago, Dr. Nightingale. This second volume has some new features not in the former, which are valuable additions: it is brought down to date, it has an illuminating chronological outline of the chief works in American Literature, and it contains more general and helpful bibliographical references. The chapters are well chosen for introduction to the study: Early Colonial, Later Colonial, Revolutionary, and Transitional; then the early Knickerbockers and the Transcendentalists; then in groups, Romances, 1830-50, Poets 1830-50, Poets and Novelists, 1850-65; followed by Miscellaneous, 1830-65 and Latter Days, 1865-1904. The style is reduced to much simpler language; not altogether an improvement, since much of the verve and spice characteristic of the larger book necessarily disappears. For school purposes it will no doubt prove its value and practical school teachers alone can decide this. But for sufficiently advanced pupils and certainly for the Freshman or Sophomore classes in colleges, the strength and disinterestedness and freshness and sparkle of the former book—which make it easily the most satisfactory treatment of American Literature extant—is to be preferred.

The special winter art number of the *International Studio* on "Daumier and Gavarni, the greatest of French Humorous Draughtsmen" (John Lane), is even more delightful in its way than was the very interesting special summer number on "The Royal Academy, from Reynolds to Millais, the Record of a Century," handsome and instructive as that was. The two together

make two wisely chosen and splendid thick quartos for 1904. As usual, "The Royal Academy" was a special subject developed historically, comprising the "Origin and History of the Royal Academy," the "Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers," and "Notes on Portraits of Some Leading Academicians," together with numerous letters in fac-simile and an abundance of illustrations—special plates in photogravure, in color and in half-tone—and a reference chronological list of the associates and members of the Academy from its beginning. The winter number, while less historical, is more of a human document. Mr. Henry James some years ago wrote a characteristic and appreciative study of Daumier for the *Century Magazine*, and an old volume on Gavarni, filled with plates, can be found in some of our libraries; but still it remains true that little is generally known of them. Both drew largely for *Le Charivari*, the French prototype of *Punch*, and other comic journals, though they also published their drawings elsewhere. Gavarni's drawings actually established fashions in clothes, and a part of his later work consisted of fashion plates where he invented new costumes. Daumier excelled in the production of the human countenance in all the varied character it possesses. His most active period was the decade and a half after 1850, the painter in him gradually yielding to the lithographer. It was not all fun with these artists of the comic and either of them could portray serious themes when he chose. Both were close and profound students of human life as well as skilled draughtsmen; and one, Daumier, had in him elements of the poet and mystical dreamer as fully developed as those of the satirist. The critical and biographical notes to the present quarto are the work of M. Henri Frantz on Daumier, and of M. Octave Uzanne on Gavarni. The volume is profusely illustrated, the illustrations representing the varied phases of the genius of the two men. The picture of Daumier is from an etching by Delteil in 1903; that of Gavarni from a lithograph by himself.

There is every evidence that the study of History is getting splendidly organized and being reduced to a very definite sys-

tem—something so different from the study of Literature, whose spirit seems to disappear almost in the very moment in which a fixed system becomes established. The development of Libraries has given the occasion, and the Library method is the key to the situation. Consequently, "A History Syllabus for Secondary Schools, Outlining the Four Years' Course in History Recommended by the Committee of Seven of the American Historical Association, By a Special Committee of the New England History Teachers' Association" (D. C. Heath & Co.), is not only valuable for all teachers of History but will be found to be quite as helpful to clubs and to students and general readers. After an introduction showing the spirit and purpose of the work and giving practical suggestions, come the syllabuses proper. These, giving subjects and corresponding bibliographical references, are under four heads, each representing a year's work: 1. Ancient History to 800 A.D.; 2. Medieval and Modern European History; 3. English History; 4. American History and Civil Government. In an Appendix is a list of some American Libraries containing special collections of historical material serviceable to teachers of History. There are helpful suggestions under each head for accumulating a small library which would cost about \$25. Also there are select lists of books referred to in the outline adapted for a town or larger school library. Each outline and bibliographical list may be obtained separately as well as all four collectively.

Similar in spirit is the "Source Book of Roman History" (D. C. Heath & Co.), by Professor Dana C. Munro of the University of Wisconsin, which gives extracts in translation from the various Latin authors who constitute for us the original sources as to the history and habits of the Romans. The extracts do not offer a continuous story, but are representative. They deal not only with the narrative of Roman history, but with the religion, army, institutions, manners and customs of the Roman people. The little volume is rich with bibliographical material and there are helpful illustrations.

Still another student's book on History, rather striking in its make-up and outward appearance, filled with illustrations, maps, plans, charts, suggestions, and bibliographical material, apart

from the narrative it contains, and printed in bold clear type, is "A History of the Ancient World" (Scribners)—an account of the Eastern Empires, the Greek Empire and the Empire of Rome to the time of Charlemagne, 800 A.D.—by Professor George S. Goodspeed of the University of Chicago. The highly colored frontispiece portrays a bit of the Parthenon and its frieze. There are elaborate helps for both teachers and pupils in addition to extensive outlines for reviews, review exercises, map and picture exercises, comparative studies, topics for reading and for class discussion, and subjects for written papers. All three of these books illustrate well the best methods in vogue with the best teachers for giving a sound basis to historical study.